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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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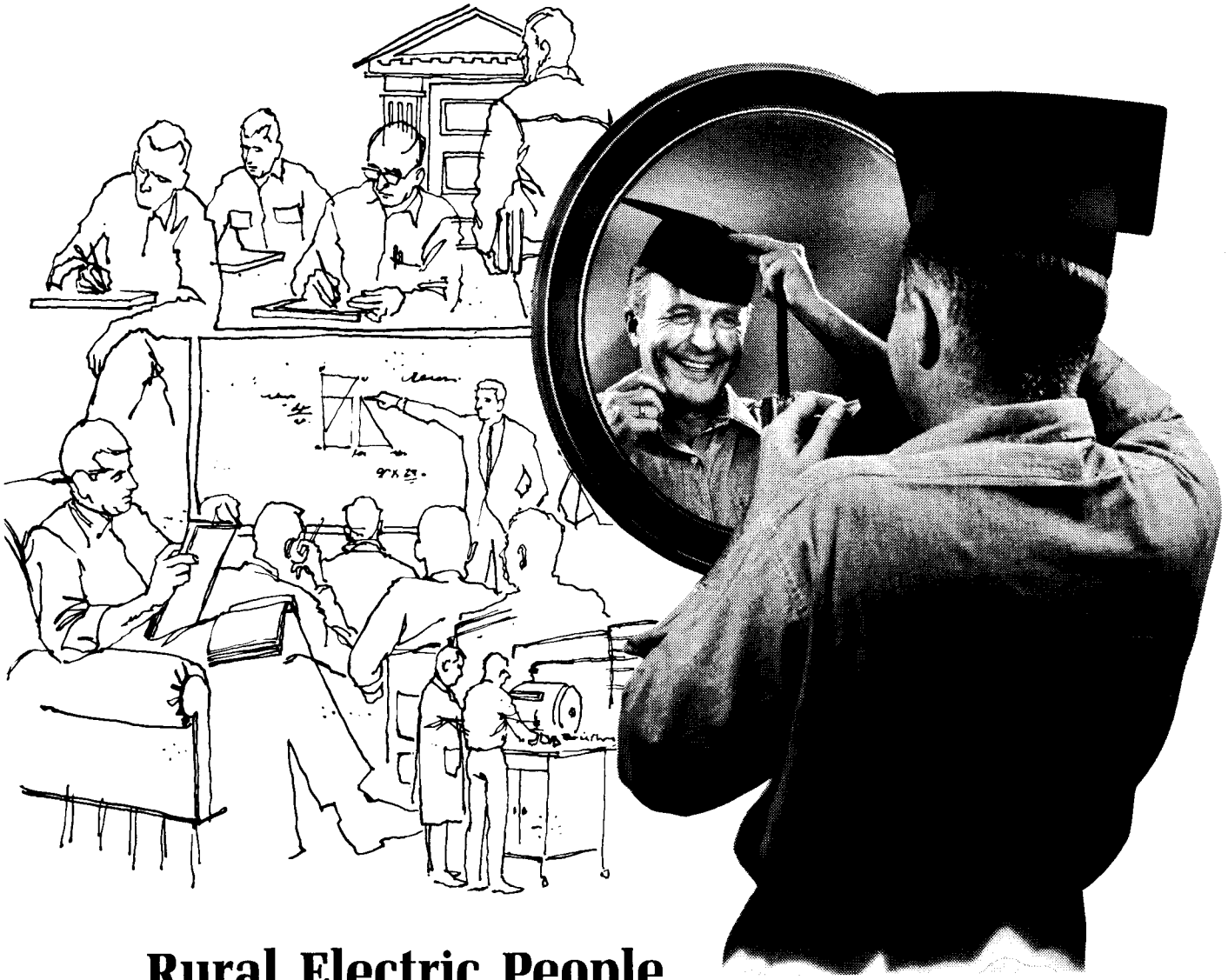

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T.R.B. *from Istanbul*

Where the Idea Crackles

★ We met Jennie and Grace at the other side of the Mandelbaum Gate – the one-way passage from the Moslem side of Jerusalem (Jordan) into the Israel side. It is a quietly formidable little passage, like going through the Berlin wall. The Jordanians take a last searching look at your passport. Then there is a no-man's land of about 20 feet. Barbed wire rolls . . . Then the guardhouse, customs clearance and passport control of the Jews.

Behind you is a pastoral Biblical land of goatherds and AID-financed spiral highways 'round whose death curves race Arab drivers. And now you enter a new land. Nations are Ideas. In Israel you can hear the Idea crackle.

One side of a mountain is arid, desolate, goat-grazed – the Moslem side; the other is green and afforested – the Jewish side. The Jews have no more legal right to Israel, I suppose, than the US has to California. It is doubtful if Israel is economically viable, with 2.5 million people, and a pinch-waist only 12 miles wide. It is beset by hate and sustained, in part, by $833-million reparations from West Germany and loving contributions from Jews all 'round the world. But its impact stuns.

The Jews were no nation at all for 2,000 years, except the Nation that was in their heads. And now here they are, making the desert bloom and being pretty cocky about it. One can't help philosophizing. How passionate is *this* country's Idea?

Our sober guide, Sam, a refugee from Rumanian Nazis, met us on the Israeli side and told us that another couple would join our chartered car. Jennie and Grace, about five feet tall, wearing identical white hats with fringes 'round the top like the Oklahoma surrey, met us. They could barely speak English and had lived most of their lives in Middletown, Conn. They spoke tornado-Italian which rose and, at a definite pitch, cracked into screams of merriment and excitement. Jennie was the quiet one but the motivating force. She was avidly reliving, it seemed, the whole Jesus story.

Our patient Sam took them to early mass, and then they were ready for the overwhelming emotions of the day. One hallowed shrine followed another. Later on Jennie planned to go back home, via Rome, to see a crowd of relatives in Sicily. She had a round, eager, surprised face that made her a target for teasing.

"Jennie, Jennie, Jennie!" shrieked Grace at lunch. "Watch-a your step: there's bones in your olives!" When idioms got too tough we communicated by signs. I slit my throat to indicate that Sicily was unsafe. Protests . . . followed by gales of laughter! As we got acquainted Jennie told me that she read two magazines: her parish paper, and one published in Rome, telling of sacrifices and martyrdoms of brave priests and nuns.

We smiled at Jennie. But one morning while Sam conscientiously warmed up his tail-fin Plymouth (in 80-degree heat), Jennie quietly explained matters. Others could spend their money as they liked, she said. Or believe as they liked. "But for me, Jennie," she added with impressive simplicity, "for these things here I have saved up all-a my money all-a my life. . . ."

The Olive Tree

★ Everything you read about in Sunday School has an exact location in the Holy Land. It is labeled and identified. It has a competitive overlay of churchly reverence, too, that sometimes makes you wince. Never mind. Jennie and Grace loved it all.

Sam paused once before a blasted olive tree and said it wasn't always like that. Once the olive had a tall trunk. But when the Prophet went up into Heaven all the forest and wild fowl wept. All but the olive. So it was the first night, and the second, and still the olive gave no sign. The forest jeered and denounced. But on the third night suddenly there was a great rending sound. Next day they saw with awe the olive's trunk had burst asunder with grief. But still it was silent. I know this is true because every olive trunk is that way today.

Everything Happened Here

★ As I write this I take my final look from my balcony at Istanbul, at the ferries crossing the Bosphorus; a man cries cucumbers down below, and now and then there's the deep-throated sound of a Soviet Black Sea ship rounding the Golden Horn.

The setting is more spectacular than San Francisco. There is the Blue Mosque, which is enough to make a man a Moslem. I sit up here among the minarets and TV masts, at the Otel Park, and it seems that everything once happened here: the Argonauts, Xenophon, Hero and Leander, Darius, Philip of Macedon, the split in the Roman Empire and all that, the Fourth Crusade, caliphs who got tired of waiting to be sultan and blinded their mothers to speed things up – all this and Florence Nightingale, too.

What strikes you is the slide of centuries and the way religions cannibalize each other. It is all done in the name of God. In Rome Pharaoh's obelisks have crosses stuck on them, which I think indecent. Temples of Artemis and Dionysus became Christian churches. In Jerusalem, Crusaders and Moslems took turns putting trademarks on the Dome of the Rock, the place where Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac, and where the Prophet for his part went up alive into Heaven, (attested by a hole in the Mosque ceiling). Yes, and here in Istanbul, in the tremendous Santa Sophia, four pairs of porphyry columns originally carved by slaves for the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek were first taken to Rome by Aurelius, and then brought here to the city of Constantine.

All changes have been sustained by faith – the True Faith, of course. Golden-hearted Jennie and Grace are receiving their Papal blessing now in Rome, if their schedule works out. That will be fine, and I am glad of it. But they don't really need it. They are blessed already.

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Europe on Its Own

Suddenly Europe is talking summitry. General de Gaulle visits Moscow this month, and although he is accused by Undersecretary of State George Ball of delaying moves toward what Ball calls "an ultimate settlement of the great unfinished business of Europe," de Gaulle's actions and words seem to be having just the opposite effect. West German Chancellor Erhard says his country is anxious to transform East-West relations "from a confrontation into a dialogue" through talks with the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Danes have proposed talks between the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, and the Russians have suggested a European conference which, according to Soviet Communist Party leader Brezhnev, would aim at reducing armaments in Europe and settling the German question "by recognizing existing borders . . . including those of the two German states."

The German problem, not the de Gaulle problem, is central to a European settlement, and the Germans may yet solve it themselves if the Russians and others let them. At the height of the 1961 Berlin crisis, Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt called for a German peace conference to be attended by all the countries that fought the Second World War. Led by Brandt, the West German Social Democrats hope to meet soon with an East German delegation. Four years ago, the East German Communist leader, Walter Ulbricht, called for "steps toward confederating and surmounting Germany's division," and said that in spite of "differences and even antagonisms in matters of principle, we surely share important interests in common, above all the common interest of making peace secure." In those days, the stumbling block on the Western side was Chancellor Adenauer, who insisted not only on German reunification but on "recovery of the lost German lands to the east" (of the Oder and Neisse rivers) and who declared that in order to negotiate with Russia for the return of lost territory, "Germany must be strong again." As he saw it, the way for West Germany to be strong was to be an active partner in NATO. That was the way Washington saw it, too. The US heaped arms on the Germans, put 500 tactical nuclear warheads on West German soil, and nowadays grumbles that the 278,000-man *Bundeswehr* isn't big enough and that the Germans won't buy, or anyway don't seem willing to pay for, still more armaments. But the West Germans are having other thoughts. Adenauer himself now says he's convinced the Soviet Union is "peace-loving." Meanwhile NATO has been transformed by the French with-

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drawal. So long as France adhered loyally to NATO, a German army and an American army supplemented by British and other troops made some kind of sense in Europe. The theory was that a Communist military attack could be blocked without immediately bringing nuclear weapons into play. French withdrawal makes such a "conventional" defense virtually impossible. Without French territory and air space there can't be defense in depth. Thus robbed of the chance of a "flexible response," NATO has to fall back on its 6,000 nuclear weapons. Using them to "defend" Europe means obliterating Europe. But instead of concentrating wholly on patching up NATO as a military machine, we now have the more hopeful option of trying to reach an agreement with Russia and the other Warsaw Pact countries about Europe's political future. It is not, however, an option that appeals to Secretary Rusk. We can't, so the officials say, even test Communist willingness to negotiate "seriously," until the West has somehow managed to demonstrate that in spite of France's defection, NATO is still strong and still united; otherwise in any summit talks the West will be bargaining from weakness. It's an old story: if we're strong enough we don't have to negotiate; if we're weak, we dare not.

De Gaulle senses the sterility of that view. He seeks a political solution. He may not succeed, but at least he is looking for the right kind of answer, which won't be found in military gimmicks like a multilateral nuclear force, or some formula for "nuclear sharing" (no formula can be found, for none exists). There is no reason to think that in any negotiations on Europe, the Russians will have things their own way. Their grip on Eastern Europe is palpably slackening. They probably can't keep troops stationed there much longer, and may not want to. What mainly keeps them in East Germany is the dread that West Germany will get hold of nuclear weapons through membership of NATO. Now is the time to discover what price Russia is willing to pay for the burial of that fear, before both NATO and the Warsaw Pact liquefy further. More urgent than troop cuts, which are coming anyway, is a considerable degree of nuclear disengagement or disarmament through traded-off cutbacks in tactical and strategical nuclear weapons. This may be the only traversable path to the much sought nonproliferation treaty, without which the proliferation will swiftly work its way around the globe, from Israel to India, Pakistan and Japan. One reason for making a beginning in Europe soon is that East Germany has a nuclear reactor with a two-mile "security zone" around it.

If the partnership between the US and Western Europe is becoming strained, it is not only because the Europeans are readier than we to bury the Cold War. It is also because there has arisen a barely concealed American contempt for our European allies. The French, for instance, profess to worry that the North Atlantic Treaty could involve them in a war over Vietnam (if Russia or China attacked the United States). It is something to worry about. It led Dean Acheson to "explain" to a Senate subcommittee on April 27 that "these people are deeply concerned with their part of the world [but] we are the only power that has a sense of world responsibility." Entering into the spirit of the thing, Senator Karl Mundt accused the Europeans of going "back to the old custom of letting wars begin, relying on the United States to bail the Europeans out." Mr. Acheson sighed that it was no use trying to press these countries, "which once were great," to do something about Vietnam, though "I quite understand the emotional attitude of those who say, 'These ungrateful people – we have helped them a great deal and they do not do a thing for us.' This is true. . . ." It isn't true; it was an irresponsible thing to say, and we ought not to expect the Europeans to show "gratitude" by unquestioningly supporting US policies which a great many Americans, including some distinguished senators, criticize.

Victimizing Foreign Aid

Some kids work off peeves by hitting smaller kids unlucky enough to be in reach. And the same behavior is not unknown in the United States Senate, where the Foreign Relations Committee is boxing the ears of the foreign aid program. It thereby wishes to show what it thinks of Secretary Rusk, who alleged that aid to South Vietnam down the years committed the US to that country's defense. Well, if that's so, the way to stay out of trouble is to cut the ties that bind. Senator Frank Church asked the Committee to rule out any such consequence of aid; it did so, and much more. With Senator Fulbright leading, it cut $45 million out of the aid program's development loan funds, put a ceiling on the number of countries that can get aid, and refused President Johnson's request for five-year authorizations of funds. Senator Fulbright, also Senators Joseph S. Clark, Eugene McCarthy and John Sparkman, did oppose Senator Albert Gore's proposal to double interest rates on development loans outstanding beyond 10 years. But it passed despite them, 6-4, and if approved by the full Senate will make this country a tougher aid creditor than Russia.

Senator Fulbright's stand baffles his warmest supporters. Formerly he championed commitments of aid beyond one year; now he opposes them. He is defending a limit on the number of countries that can be given aid as a "minor effort" to encourage concentration of loans and technical assistance, but for what purpose? – already 85 percent of development lending goes to only eight nations.

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Just Like in the Movies

About 500 Washington correspondents were polled recently on which federal agency's public information office provides them "with the maximum amount of usable information." Justice won. But the CIA, which has no public information office, finished in a third-place tie with the White House and State Department!

A curious reporter followed through by calling CIA – the number is in the phone book.

"Is this public information?"

"This is Commander Moran."

"Commander Moran, have you heard CIA tied for third as the most helpful agency to newsmen?"

"No, I didn't. This is news to me."

"Are you pleased?"

"I don't know whether I am or not. . . . Well, I am, personally, because we're in such a difficult position. . . . Most of the time all we can say is 'No Comment'."

"What kind of information *are* you able to give? Can you say how many people work at CIA, for instance?"

"This we're unable to comment on."

"Well, does CIA turn out any press releases, or do you conduct press tours or anything like that?"

"This we're unable to comment on."

"How long have you been handling this job, Commander?"

"About a year."

". . . Where's the man who had the job before you?"

"This we're unable to comment on. He's still with the agency."

"Okay, Commander, thank you."

"Just a minute. Do you mind telling me where you got this information? . . . When did you get it? . . . And your name again?"

The reporter told him and said goodby. A few minutes later, the phone rang. It was Commander Moran, asking if the reporter worked there. A colleague said yes, but when the reporter picked up the receiver there was a click. Just like in the movies.

The War

The recent joint US Marine Corps and South Vietnamese *Operation Montgomery* had as its initial objective the village of Dong Ke. After waiting five months, the combined forces decided to prepare the village with a five-hour barrage of 105mm and 155mm shells and a B-52 attack. At dawn three USMC infantry battalions and one ARVN battalion, supported by 105 and 155 batteries and an armored company, hit the village. They were met by well-prepared Viet Cong signs ("How does it feel to be the killers of innocent women and children?") but the VC had left, so a correspondent informs us. Dong Ke, which was once a pretty village of concrete two-story houses and tree-lined streets is now a pile of rubble. The Marines are trying to take care of over 700 refugees there.

Thus we work "on many fronts," as the President said last week, "to build a mosaic of peace . . . ."

Alabama Votes

May 31st was another bitterly disappointing day for Alabama Negroes, and the disappointments are beginning to weigh heavily. With hopes high and registration totals more than doubled by the Voting Rights Act, Negroes had gone into the first primary on May 3 with more than 50 candidates for various offices. The big Wallace sweep eliminated half of these, leaving 26 Negro candidates in the runoffs. When the votes were counted on the evening of May 31, only four emerged with Democratic nominations. And of the four wins, three were in Macon County (Tuskegee), where Negroes already held four local offices. Nevertheless, the victory of Lucius D. Amerson, 32-year-old former paratrooper, in the race for sheriff was an historic breakthrough. Other winners in Macon – a county in which Negroes have a sizable registration advantage – were candidates for tax collector and for membership on the county board of revenue.

The fourth success came at the western end of Alabama's Black Belt, where a Negro candidate was running for a post on the Greene County board of education. Negroes also have a registration edge in Greene.

With registration figures climbing in the Black Belt, the Negro problem now is a dual one of organizing and of motivating Negroes to put aside their hoes on election day and confront their white employers at the voting boxes. "The landowners are the officials at the polling places," said one Greene County Negro, "and the boss man says not to come to the polling places. People who can't read or write are afraid to tell officials how they want to vote."

Each election disappointment strengthens the hand of the young, go-it-alone SNCC militants, and the third-party Black Panther candidates they are running in Lowndes and several other counties where the Negro population is large. Democratic primaries are, after all, run by Democratic Party officials. And, as Black Belt Negroes know too well, most of the officials are white.

Yet all is not despair. In Dallas County, a combination of Negro votes and federal court action have pushed out the champion segregationist of them all, Sheriff Jim Clark, in favor of a white moderate. And across the state, the Negro voting potential, still largely untapped, continues to rise.

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All the Justice Money Can Buy

Oklahoma City

In less than 60 years of statehood the Oklahoma House of Representatives has impeached two governors, one lieutenant governor, five Supreme Court justices, two commissioners of insurance, one member of the corporation commission, one member of the board of agriculture, one state auditor and, finally, a state printer.

The most recent defendant in an impeachment case was silver-haired and widely respected Napoleon Bonaparte Johnson, part Cherokee Indian. In May of last year a two-thirds majority of the state senate found him guilty of accepting bribes for a favorable vote in two court cases and removed him from office. He had been a justice on Oklahoma's Supreme Court for 16 years.

Principal witness for the prosecution was N. S. Corn. He too had sat on Oklahoma's highest court – since 1935. At the time he testified before the state senate, Corn was serving a penitentiary sentence for federal income tax evasion.

Corn's imbroglio with the feds began in March, 1964, when one Hugh Carroll, a sometime financier who had been convicted several years before in federal court on 31 counts of fraud and conspiracy, told Justice Department lawyers that he had paid $150,000 to Corn in 1957 for a favorable decision in a case then pending before the Oklahoma Supreme Court. The case involved the tax liability of a Carroll promotion ("Selected Investments Corporation") that was on the verge of bankruptcy. The Oklahoma Supreme Court reversed the lower court and handed down a decision exonerating the corporation of a vast amount of state taxes. According to Corn, the votes necessary to carry the decision for "Selected" were obtained by paying $7,500 each to Justice Napoleon Bonaparte Johnson and Justice Earl Welch. The latter had been a member of the Court since 1933 and was generally considered one of the stronger members of a traditionally weak bench. For many years, Welch had been credited with great influence over Justice Johnson. Apparently neither Welch nor Johnson ever asked Corn how much *he* was getting. They were doubtless a trifle stung when they discovered that Corn received $135,000 to their $7,500 each.

The second case involving Justice Johnson was *Oklahoma Company* vs *O'Neal*. Enter O. A. Cargill, the chief protagonist. Eighty-six at the time of Johnson's impeachment, Cargill had been an early-day Oklahoma lawman and later was mayor of Oklahoma City. He is a Bible-thumping Baptist and has authored several books on fundamentalist religion. In 1958, about a year after receiving the $150,000 from Hugh Carroll, Corn was invited to Cargill's ranch. After disposing of the amenities, Cargill informed Corn that his daughter was involved in some litigation then pending in the Supreme Court and offered Corn $7,500 to see that she prevailed. Corn advised that the matter could probably be taken care of, and once more he visited Justices Johnson and Welch, this time offering them $2,500 each. In due time, the lower court was reversed and, true to his word, Cargill gave Corn the $7,500 which Corn promptly divided with Welch and Johnson.

All of the testimony given by Corn at the Johnson impeachment trial was pretty much old hat. The facts in general had been made public more than a year before, when Hugh Carroll's revelations led to a federal grand jury investigation culminating in indictments of Corn and Welch for tax evasion. Corn entered a plea of guilty and was fined and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment. At 81 and in failing health, he was paroled after serving a few months.

Welch was another matter. He pleaded not guilty to the income tax evasion charge. Claiming prejudicial publicity, he obtained a change of venue from Oklahoma City to the US District Court for the Eastern District of Oklahoma. This Court is based in Muskogee, an early day Indian center currently boasting some 38,000 souls.

The switch to Muskogee was hardly beneficial. After listening to several days of testimony, the jury deliberated briefly and returned a verdict of guilty. Welch appealed the verdict and continued to sit on the Supreme Court. For under Oklahoma law (recently revised) the only way a member of the Supreme Court could be removed was by impeachment.

When the legislature convened in January of 1965 the issue was too hot to ignore. The climax came in the form of a statement given by Corn after he was sentenced to prison. He revealed that he had been on Cargill's payroll for some 20 years, doing precisely what Cargill directed him to do on every case before the Court in which Cargill was interested.

The apogee of corruption had been achieved. The investigating committee of the Oklahoma House of Representatives examined the facts and recommended impeachment of Welch and Johnson. It had been a long year for Welch and he had no desire for further struggle. He resigned from the Court. Johnson apparently thought he had enough friends in the senate to weather the storm. He miscalculated.

A month later the mighty oak that was O. A. Cargill also came crashing down. In the original federal

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grand jury investigation, Cargill had testified that he had never participated in any bribery attempts and that he had no knowledge of any such events. In February, 1965, the federal grand jury reconvened and indicted Cargill for perjury. His trial began in June. After listening to Corn recite 20 years of bribery at the hands of O. A. Cargill, often for pathetically small sums of money, the jury found Cargill guilty. Although still free on bond pending determination of his appeal, he may no longer practice law.

The villain in this sordid affair may be the method used in Oklahoma to fill judicial office. Like most states, Oklahoma requires that every judicial post from justice of the peace to Supreme Court justice be filled by a partisan, political election. The potential for corruption is inherent in the system. These pay-offs, claimed Cargill and Corn, were simply "campaign contributions." BURCK BAILEY

Simulating Poverty: Input and Output

Systems analysis helped Robert McNamara get a better grip on the Defense Department. Now these methods are spreading through other government departments and have taken root in the poverty program where there is a natural marriage between politicians and behavioral scientists who design social systems. Big city Democrats are frightened of letting the poor have much to say about what they need; they find it more comfortable to scuttle behind the psychologists and sociologists who can dispassionately analyze the slum "systems," and suggest how this unpleasantness can be done away with efficiently and inexpensively by subjecting the "system" of, say, Harlem to various inputs, which in turn govern outputs.

The behavioralists say they are casting the cold eye of science upon society in hopes that we all may live in a more civil atmosphere. But as some psychologists have demonstrated with their personality tests, they can get lost along the way and end up making more money by figuring out ways to manipulate people.

None of this is to say research is bad, or that psychologists, sociologists and political scientists are useless, but it is interesting to watch them ferret about. For these people operate a profitable parasite industry at the fringes of government. It is more responsive to the demands of the marketplace than it is interested in the pursuit of knowledge.

Already the behavioralists have got a firm grip on the poverty program: Philco Corp., for example, has an $82,500 contract from the Office of Economic Opportunity to use a computer to "simulate" a community-action program. Five hundred statistical indicators – the social, economic and demographic outlines of a "hypothetical but realistic community" – were fed into a computer. Various community-action programs were reduced to statistics and put into the machine. The computer forecasts how things will turn out in different cities. This can help make things efficient.

National Analysts in Philadelphia has $39,000 for a project called "New Chance." This involves questioning youngsters who wrote letters to the famous Murray the K poverty show last year. The object is to see what makes poor people who wrote letters different from poor people who did not.

The same company won a $50,000 contract from OEO to make a systems analysis of the volunteer. Since there are an increasing number of people who have been volunteering their services in various phases of the anti-poverty war, the idea is to find out how they get into the volunteer stream, what they do once they are volunteers, how the professionals react to their presence, what sorts of jobs they do and how well they do them, and how they leave the "system."

Last fall the United Planning Organization, the anti-poverty program in Washington, D. C., got a thousand hard-core unemployed off street corners, and at the behest of the Civil Service Commission, had them fill out forms which would qualify them for jobs as laborers in the government. The OEO saw an opportunity for more research. It asked the Bureau of Social Science Research to get up some information on these individuals. A sample of 200 people were asked questions such as why they thought they were unemployed and how they supported themselves while out of work. The poor people didn't get anything out of this rigamarole but some one-sided conversation. The Civil Service Commission came through with only 200 jobs. As for the Bureau of Social Science Research, it got $29,600 for conducting the interviews.

The Bureau now is dickering with the Labor Department's Office of Manpower Planning, Evaluation and Research for another longer, much more expensive research project. It wants to design a $750,000 study to probe what happens to newly arrived poor in big cities. First, the researchers would devise a systematic approach for finding the migrants and getting information on them. Then the project would move into the action phase. The researchers would select an experimental group and over a given period of time subject them to an intensive "package" of community services. The progress of these guinea pigs, called Experimental Group A, would be judged against those

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who did not get the services, Control Group B. This study will take three years.

The OEO now is beginning several three-year efforts at research and evaluation of community-action projects. Three contracts totaling more than $1 million have been signed for initial evaluations of poverty programs in Atlanta, San Diego and Kentucky. Emory University will do the work in Atlanta. Western Behavioral Sciences Institute has a contract for evaluation in San Diego and hopes to subcontract $45,000 to Computers Applications, Inc., to build a computer model of the community-action program; the University of Kentucky will do the work in that state. The researchers spend the first six months working up the design, which must then be approved by Washington.

These projects will be the latest in an exhaustive series of evaluations which local community-action projects must undergo. For example, the Pittsburgh program, called the Mayor's Committee on Human Resources, was evaluated eight different ways in one year. Every three months the project sends a progress report to Washington; an independent accounting firm makes an audit of the books once a year; a team of OEO evaluators has just come through; Mr. Shriver's Inspector General's office sent in men to scout around last summer; the citizens committees, which in Pittsburgh administer the projects in the neighborhoods, conduct their own evaluations every six months; the Mayor's Committee itself now has a research arm which will shortly make the official city evaluation. Likewise, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell dispatched investigators last summer from his Education and Labor Committee to see what was going on. They were followed by Republican Congressman Charles Goodell who was checking up on Powell's people. If the Senate committee takes an interest, that can mean two more sets of investigators, not to mention the continued inquiries by the local and national press. And on top of all this, if Pittsburgh is lucky, behavioral scientists from some university or private research company will pick what bones are left.

Still, officials at OEO in Washington say they don't get enough "feedback" from their poverty systems. This was the major reason for hiring Human Sciences Research, Inc. to make an evaluation of six Indian reservations. Human Sciences also does research for the Defense Department in counterinsurgency and is currently working among refugees in South Vietnam. In a recent bulletin it described its work among the American Indians: "Collectively these findings will permit comprehensive depiction of the workings of these CAPS, delineating the roles, influences and interrelationships of the key action elements and structural variables which account for their strengths and weaknesses." When I asked Peter G. Nordlie, the vice president, to describe in layman's terms what he was up to on the reservations, he refused to do so because the contract prohibited public discussion of the evaluation project. An official at OEO said they wanted Human Sciences to go in and bring out a description of the various poverty programs, the same sort of thing, he said, "a good journalist would do." The cost of the study is $115,000.

Most of this research is just beginning. One study of migrant workers, however, has just been completed. This is a survey of the OEO's migrant farm worker programs made by International Research Associates, Inc. of New York. The main thrust of its 150-page study calls for more research. The study is said to have been read by two or possibly three people at OEO, before it was passed along with a perfunctory staff memo to Shriver. The memo made no recommendations, which was understandable since the study really made no recommendations. People at OEO have tried hard to be kind about this study. They say it reinforces what they always believed and was useful to them. Expensive reinforcement! It cost $100,000.

The most useful research projects the poverty program has underway are its demonstration action projects at places like Columbus, Ohio, or, until the program was cut off, in Syracuse. But these often annoy big city Democrats; it may be more useful to the Administration in elections to cite the opinions of the behavioral scientists.

If the OEO intends to engage in protracted research and evaluation, as it apparently does, it would be well for Congress to insist that at least three-quarters of the money be spent in salaries to hire poor people to carry it out. There is nothing heretical about this. Willard Wirtz suggested pretty much the same thing when he said the nation needed a job inventory which could be undertaken locally by people in the poverty programs. At this rate, if $5 million were spent on research, it would be possible to create 800 jobs at $6,000 a year, which is more jobs than the Job Corps created in its first year of operation, during which it spent $240 million. Moreover, if the behavioral scientists were required to hire the poor to carry out the research design, the scientists would have an added opportunity to observe society in transition. The economists would be observing an action program for overcoming structural unemployment. The psychologists and sociologists would have an opportunity to see interpersonal relationships in an upward mobile population at firsthand; anthropologists could observe the impact of the white man's socio-economic order on Indians, and it would give the people in the slums an idea of how they might turn their knowledge of the streets into cash.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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SOUTH AFRICA

Daily Life in a Police State

President Johnson last week condemned "the narrow and outmoded policy which in some parts of Africa permits the few to rule at the expense of the many." The policy he was talking about is called apartheid, the Afrikaner word for segregation, and the country where it is state doctrine is the Republic of South Africa.

The doctrine is ruthlessly upheld by a number of laws ostensibly aimed at "suppressing Communism" and last week Mary Benson, a British writer, told a House of Representatives foreign affairs subcommittee on Africa some of her own recent experiences in South Africa. Miss Benson was placed under house arrest in Johannesburg and was also forbidden to do any writing. There are about 8,000 political prisoners in South African jails, including 1,000 African nationalist leaders who are graded "Category D" and can receive only one letter and have one half-hour visit every six months. Many people are under house arrest. Miss Benson was placed under restriction because in 1957 the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg had persuaded her to be the secretary of the Treason Trials Defense Fund in South Africa and last year the security police discovered she was in correspondence with the House subcommittee. She managed to get out of the country because she has a British passport.

Describing the race hatred that boils just below the surface in South Africa, Miss Benson told the subcommittee that last October, a packed trainload of African workers crashed, killing 91; whereupon enraged survivors turned on the first white man they saw, who in fact was coming to their aid, and battered him to death.

In Johannesburg, she said, there were at night regular police raids on domestic servants' quarters. All who were not actually employed at each house were arrested: husbands, boyfriends, wives, children, etc. In one raid, police "netted" 800 men, women and teenagers. The raids were followed by mass trials, not in courts, but in the cells; in one instance four magistrates tried 1,000 people in three-and-a-half hours. A police officer was reported to explain: "We have to have these raids. We've caught five or six housebreakers among the petty offenders. . . ."

Near Cape Town, she visited a young African woman and her four children who were forcibly driven 500 miles from their home to the sandflats "reserved" for nonwhites. White South African women, who have organized themselves in the Black Sash Movement to help nonwhites persecuted under the apartheid laws, constantly hear pathetic appeals from Africans facing enforced breakup of their families. Indians in South Africa also are being torn from homes and businesses in towns they have helped to prosper, and stuck miles outside in undeveloped country. Other edicts have killed off District Six, the traditional home of the Cape colored people in Cape Town; they, like Africans, will be confined to bleak sandflats.

In Port Elizabeth's African townships, the security police are intent on purging the area of the last drop of political consciousness. During the past two-and-a-half years, Miss Benson said, about 1,000 men and women have been arrested there. Most have been charged with membership in the unlawful African National Congress (ANC) or, in fewer cases, of the Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC). None of these cases is concerned with *acts* of violence, which would go before the Supreme Court, but increasingly the government produces evidence of *talk* of violence. The accused are held for five to 19 months, awaiting trial. If they crack under "interrogation" (which may include torture) they become "state witnesses." Those who somehow hold out become the accused. The *Johannesburg Star* has spoken of "the practice of arresting in haste and collecting evidence at leisure." Frequently the charges relate to actions allegedly committed three or four years before, making it almost impossible to prove an alibi, yet "state witnesses" unable to recollect more recent events can give precise details from 1961. In several instances, the defense elicited that "state witnesses" during a trial had slept – sometimes two or three together at a time – in a room with an African security sergeant, but they insisted nothing concerning the case was ever discussed. Virtually all the trials are held in camera, in villages remote from Port Elizabeth, on the grounds that state witnesses fear intimidation or reprisals, with resulting difficulty in finding defense counsel, and the press being unable to attend.

Charges have been broken down under multiple counts: membership in an unlawful organization, furthering its aims, collecting funds for it, attending meetings, allowing premises to be used for its meetings, distributing leaflets. The maximum sentence on each

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count is three years; in some cases, each meeting, each leaflet is treated as a separate count. Whereas in Johannesburg admitted rank-and-file members of the Communist Party – who collected subscriptions, distributed leaflets, painted slogans and attended more than 20 cell meetings – were sentenced to two years; in the Eastern Cape ANC and PAC members have been sentenced to up to 10 years for minor activities.

The Legal Network

The charges are framed under the Suppression of Communism Act which, Miss Benson told the subcommittee, has been used far more widely against African nationalists and white liberals than against the country's small group of Marxists. One man, Tommy Charlieman, a trade unionist aged about 60, after being imprisoned in four different jails for a total of 19 months was released in December, 1964 without any charge being laid. In January, 1965 he wrote to the minister of justice claiming damages for loss of health and wages. He was then rearrested, and charged with ANC membership and other counts emerging from a meeting in November, 1962. He was found guilty and sentenced to eight years. On appeal his sentence was reduced by three years.

Miss Benson attended several days of the trial of Nursing Sister Mpendu, a middle-aged woman who had been trying to get a passport to study pediatrics in Britain when she was arrested in March, 1964. She was held in prison for 16 months, awaiting trial. When defense counsel asked the security police sergeant in charge of her case about this, he replied, "There were others who were more important, who had waited longer." The magistrate, describing Sister Mpendu as an evasive, hesitant witness, found her guilty on four counts: ANC membership, raising funds, having an ANC meeting in her house and stamping a receipt with an ANC sign. He sentenced her to a further two-and-a-half years – four years in all, including the trial.

Men already fined or imprisoned for an offense are recharged, years later, for the same offense. Employees of a bus company in Port Elizabeth were fined $22 each in 1961 for having gone on strike, which is illegal for Africans. Three-and-a-half years later a score or more were rearrested. It was then alleged that the strike had been organized by the African National Congress. After more than a year awaiting trial in prison, they have now been sentenced to four or four-and-a-half-years' imprisonment.

Some found "not guilty" have been promptly rearrested, and now a new refinement has been thought up by the government. Instead of releasing those who complete their sentences, it is charging them again with violations of the same law. So far 160 or more have been named for this repeated incarceration. The first case, Dixon Fuyani, after serving two years was sentenced to seven more; the second, Benson Ndimba, after two-and-a-half years, to four-and-a-half more.

Virtually all defense in the hundreds of political trials and in the appeals (a number of which have succeeded in reducing sentences) has been paid for by the Defense and Aid Fund, of which Alan Paton was a leading member. Hundreds of men and women have been saved from imprisonment or have had sentences lessened through the efforts of D&A. The security police were enraged by its activities. One after another the fund's workers were placed under grim personal restrictions. Two months ago, the minister of justice outlawed the entire fund. The penalties for furthering its aims are one to 12 years' imprisonment, as in the ANC and PAC cases. When Miss Benson left South Africa, the politically accused were having to defend themselves. The minister of justice then went on to house arrest and to ban the attorney handling most of the cases, Miss Ruth Hayman – a leading member of the Liberal Party. To her office a constant stream of nonwhites and others had gone for legal advice whenever they were threatened with arrest. Apart from the Liberals, the Black Sash and one or two newspapers, hardly a protest was uttered at Miss Hayman's banning, though it could destroy her career and deprives hundreds of men and women of their legal adviser.

Some refuse to be crushed. One man, Terrance Makwabe, volunteered defense testimony though he was himself serving a prison sentence and was warned by the prosecutor that if he gave defense evidence he might get a further sentence. Makwabe replied that he understood this, but said, "I'm no longer afraid."

Banning has been part of the South African way of life since 1953. There is no charge to answer, no trial, no effective appeal, nor can you protest, as it is illegal for anyone to publish your remarks. Miss Benson told the subcommittee: "Suddenly one day police arrive on the doorstep and, in my case, they handed me eight pages of bans which I was supposed to study and absorb while they stood over me." There are about 25 different bans, with the minister constantly thinking up new ramifications. In her case he almost doubled the previous number of restrictions on writing, so that it became almost impossible to write anything at all, whether for publication or private purposes.

About 520 people are at present "banned." Almost all are restricted for a five-year period in which they cannot ever leave one town, or one African township, or even one small suburb. New restrictions even forbid people to enter a specified building. This increasingly deprives people of jobs. An African factory worker, for example, can be banned from factories. Mrs. Helen Joseph, an English-born social worker in her late

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fifties, after being house arrested and under considerable bans for a number of years, recently was ordered not to enter a building in which there is a trade union; she works for a medical aid society in the same building as a trade union. She is now trying to teach herself touch-typing in the hope of getting a secretarial job. Mr. Congress Mbata, a research officer for the Institute of Race Relations, is under ban and cannot enter his own office. A deputation including two former judges tried to see the minister of justice on Mbata's behalf but were curtly turned away.

Bans include any social gathering. Nowadays this is being interpreted in law as a banned person and one other. Tea, lunch, even conversing, are dangerous unless the gathering occurs casually or fortuitously. Miss Benson "sometimes went to town and walked the streets, hoping to bump into friends. I wrote to the magistrate to whom one can apply for exemptions, explaining that as a spinster with few relations, I would like permission to have occasional meals with my sister and brother-in-law. This was refused. On occasions when I made a discreet date with somebody to meet in a coffee bar, I did so with a lawyer's warning ringing in my ears, that it was all right for *me* to decide to take the calculated risk, but if I were arrested the person I was meeting might be called as a state witness against me; no one wants to be a state witness, and to refuse to be one could lead to up to a year in prison." The penalty for defying most of the bans is between one and 10 years in prison, and up to three years for breaking the ban on social gatherings. All this is arbitrarily slammed on anyone the minister of justice can't find guilty of any offense, even under the fantastic network of laws he already has at his disposal. About 45 people have been partially house arrested, and about 12 imprisoned in their own homes under total house arrest.

No lawyer can advise a client with any assurance whether attending this or that type of gathering or entertainment is "safe." For instance, in the courts, snooker has proved all right on appeal, but bridge or tennis involving four persons has resulted in a sentence.

Under the "90-day law," a person could be kept in detention for that period without being charged, then the detention could be extended another 90 days. Three men were driven to suicide under the 90-day law. That law was withdrawn in January, 1965, only to be replaced in September by a law precisely twice as terrible, the 180-day law. The first man so held attempted to commit suicide. Since then about 40 more men and women have been thus kept in solitary confinement for up to six months, without a charge, while they are interrogated with the object of forcing them to become state witnesses. A Mrs. Weinberg, after three months' imprisonment, told the court she had made a statement to the police only after relays of security men had questioned her continuously for three days. She was kept awake and standing, she alleged, so that her legs swelled until her ankles hung over her shoes; her eyelids swelled till her eyes were like slits.

THEY COULDN'T SAY NO TO A MAN WHO MIGHT BE PRESIDENT

The Kennedy Reception

From A Special Correspondent
Cape Town

On the eve of Senator Robert Kennedy's June 6 visit here, the South African government, through its Department of the Interior, snapped that it was "not prepared to allow such a visit to be transformed into a publicity stunt, whether as a buildup for a future presidential election or for other reasons." But how do you bar a possible future President of the United States? Senator Kennedy accepted an invitation from the National Union of South African Students. When NUSAS, earlier, invited Dr. Martin Luther King, the South African government refused him a visa. Overcoming what must have been a powerful urge to do the same to Kennedy, it agreed to let the Senator enter the country along with his wife and Mrs. Peter Lawford, Mrs. Stephen Smith and members of his Senate staff. But visas were refused to 40 American journalists, photographers and radio and TV men wanting to accompany Kennedy. And from May 25 to June 10, South Africa is out of bounds to *all* foreign newsmen; the ones already in this country have had to apply for aliens' temporary permits.

The Verwoerd government's unofficial view is that

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it was provocative of NUSAS to have invited the Senator and provocative of him to have accepted.

The statement by the Department of Information announcing the ban on foreign newsmen broke the frigid official silence on the Kennedy visit. It said that the trip was "of a purely private nature," thereby confirming press hints that the government intended to wash its hands of the whole affair to the extent of not sending an official from the protocol department to help the Kennedy party clear its baggage through customs. But Senator Kennedy announced he would seek interviews with government leaders, and whether he likes it or not, he is now embroiled in South African politics. No doubt the US Embassy will have to act as the intermediary and will be glad when it's all over.

A pro-Verwoerd newspaper pointed out that when he made his speech at the University of Cape Town on June 6, the "telescopes and microscopes" would be trained on him, and he would need "the wisdom of a Solomon and the tongue of an angel not to make a mess of it." It is impossible for a man of Senator Kennedy's stature and political background not to become transformed from a politician into a symbol immediately on arrival in South Africa. For those who support Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's regime, Kennedy becomes the symbol of internationalism, with all that this ominous word implies in this *laager*-minded country: egalitarianism, liberalism, interference, sanctions, the United Nations. For those who oppose Verwoerd's regime, he becomes the symbol of hope: reassurance of universal values, moral comfort, perhaps even a faint promise of succor.

The demand for seats at Senator Kennedy's meeting on the University of Cape Town campus has been phenomenal. Nothing like it has been known before. Herein lay Kennedy's dilemma: how far dared he go in affronting the Verwoerd government? He could, of course, as one newspaper suggested, speak about the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, but then he might just as well have stayed at home. To achieve a feat of neutrality would be to have failed in his mission. Intensely political countries like South Africa (or Africa, for that matter) do not understand the language of noncommitment: this is what the pro-Verwoerd press itself is saying.

Senator Kennedy's hosts, NUSAS, are already accustomed to political warfare. They represent the vast majority of the students at the English-language universities in South Africa; the students at the Afrikaans-language universities are cared for by a pro-government students' organization. Increasingly, NUSAS has come under government attack. The minister of justice, B. J. Vorster, personally launched the anti-NUSAS campaign in 1963, and he has sustained it with determination ever since. He has had the breaks, too. A few former NUSAS leaders and members have been involved in sabotage and other unlawful activities, and although NUSAS has disowned them, and has pledged itself to constitutional action, some of the mud sticks. On the eve of Senator Kennedy's visit, the minister of justice banned the NUSAS president, Ian Robertson, and in spite of the public outcry advanced no reasons for the banning. The security police have raided NUSAS offices.

The Verwoerd government is antagonistic to NUSAS because this courageous students' organization helps to keep alive the cause of dissent in South Africa. Essentially, it is an organization concerned more with student welfare than with student politics; but the Verwoerd government has thrust a political role upon it. NUSAS, for example, is deeply concerned with the whole question of academic freedom, and with the passage of the apartheid laws it has been drawn increasingly into conflict, first with government politicians, then with the security police. To thousands of students at the English-language universities, NUSAS holds a kind of torch of truth and light. This is why the government has vowed to destroy it and already has managed to persuade some parents that it would be wiser for their sons and daughters not to belong to this controversial organization. But, if a possible future President of the United States can fly all the way to Cape Town to address a meeting on this organization's behalf, can the organization be so dangerous after all?

The government-controlled radio has suggested that Kennedy is pretty far left, and in South Africa left virtually means Communist. A students' group at the Afrikaans University of Stellenbosch was ordered to withdraw an invitation it had extended to Senator Kennedy to visit them. Among government supporters in South Africa the message has already got home – to associate with Senator Kennedy is to invite contamination. Did Senator Kennedy ever suspect that it would come to this, that people would go around asking, "Who's afraid of Robert Kennedy?"

COMING: *Report from the Dominican Republic on what's ahead for the new president*

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Watts—Waiting for D-Day

by Andrew Kopkind

Los Angeles

Toward the end of these warm, dusty spring afternoons, small knots of men begin to form at street corners, in front of liquor stores and pool halls, and on the stoops of shabby houses all over south central Los Angeles – a vast undefined area which is "Watts" to everyone who doesn't live there. School is out; jobs are over. It has been another day of frustration and failure and, overall, boredom. Students and the marginally employed mix with the dropouts, the permanently idle and the hustlers. The whites – merchants and social workers, mostly – scurry home to the western and northern suburbs. What is left is the police and "us."

Ten months after the riots or the revolt (depending on where or who you are), Watts is still in a state of siege. The police keep order by their numbers, the extent of their weaponry, and the sophistication of their tactics. They cruise the avenues all night long, breaking up gatherings, arresting as many as possible, searching everyone who looks suspicious. And almost everyone looks suspicious. Few men in Watts do not know how to spread-eagle against a wall or a police car; they have learned from experience.

From time to time the siege is broken. In March, two people were killed in an extended battle that some people call "Watts II." Now, the incidents hardly rate front-page treatment. Deep in the *Los Angeles Times* are stories such as the one last week that began: "Angry crowds hurled rocks and bottles at police in two Negro areas of the city early Saturday. . . ." The tension is below the surface, but there is an almost universal belief another "explosion" is inevitable.

It is that belief, as much as anything, that could produce "Watts III." Both sides are girding for war. The police have developed new anti-riot tactics: at the call of "Code 77" (the Watts precinct number) they move out in troop carriers bristling with shotguns. The young Negroes of the ghetto have their battle plans, too: gangs are organized to converge on one preselected target, then scatter in souped-up cars and regroup at the next unannounced site for another attack. Naturally, neither side wants to be the first to charge. But in the context of a mounting arms race (there are rumors that Molotov cocktails are being prepared and cached, and most Negro men have guns) an "accident" could trigger a fresh revolt.

It almost happened last month. On May 7, police officer Jerold M. Bova shot and killed a Watts Negro, Leonard Deadwyler, after a 40-block auto chase up Avalon Boulevard. Deadwyler's pregnant wife claimed she was having labor pains and her husband was speeding her to the hospital (the car had a white handkerchief, as a signal of distress, tied to the radio antenna). Bova said he was justified in stopping the car (his cruiser forced it to a halt) and approaching the passengers with a loaded .38 revolver. Bova reached in through the window of the passenger's side, across Mrs. Deadwyler, and stuck the gun in the Negro's side. The next instant Deadwyler was shot. Bova claimed the car "lurched" and the gun discharged accidentally. Mrs. Deadwyler said Bova was negligent. The Negroes of Watts called it murder.

There were rallies and rioting after the killing, and an ad hoc "Committee to End Legalized Murder by the Cops" was set up. Two *Newsweek* reporters covering a riot at a liquor store were beaten. Then the police moved in and "busted" four young Negroes who seemed to be among the ringleaders. One of them, Tommy Jacquette, was picked up for "suspicion of robbery," but by the time the police were through, that charge was dropped and he was booked for "inciting to riot," and three other attendant charges. The arrests did not do much to reduce tensions; predictably, they had the opposite effect. White social workers and sympathetic white journalists were warned by their Negro friends to keep clear of Watts.

The coroner's inquest into the Deadwyler case lasted eight days. Last week the nine-man jury (in good Hollywood style it included one Negro, one Oriental, one woman) found the homicide "accidental," and the district attorney dropped the case. But the Negroes in Watts were not in a charitable mood. Tuesday night, they went on a window-smashing rampage.

A lot of chickens (in a phrase much appreciated in Watts) are coming home to roost. No matter how such incidents may be explained in white society, every time a white man kills a Negro (or is even mildly disrespectful, for that matter) the difficulty of building an integrated community becomes that much closer to impossibility. As it is, black alienation from white Los Angeles is almost total.

What is "happening in Watts" – the question every-

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one here asks – is a strong surge of the black nationalist tide. It is a logical response to the conditions of the ghetto: the powerlessness of the Negro, and the unwillingness of the whites to move toward "integration" on anything more than a token basis. The McCone Commission Report – issued last December to explain the nature of the August revolt and suggest some kinds of solutions – was discouragingly inadequate on both counts. It placed much of the responsibility on the Negro, who couldn't cope with "the conditions of city life" (Bayard Rustin pointed out that the city couldn't cope with the conditions of Negro life). There were some things that the city could do to help out: build a hospital, run a bus line through Watts to employment centers, put cafeterias and libraries in the all-Negro schools. But at bottom, the Report seemed to say, the conflict was some sort of communications breakdown; nothing wrong that a human relations commission and some bricks and mortar couldn't cure.

The McCone solutions have not yet been implemented, although there are bond issues on the ballot this month for school improvements and a new hospital. One new bus line has received federal funds, and there are some human relations committees floating around. But it would be hard to find a Negro in Los Angeles who has the slightest faith that the Report's recommendations, even if they were all effected, could make a significant difference in ghetto life. "There's been a complete failure of white leadership," a white businessman active in civic affairs told me. "No one understands that the Negroes just can't stand being second-class citizens anymore. Patching up living conditions or finding a few people jobs won't help."

That Sense of "Black Power"

The nationalist "reaction" focuses on that state of second-classness. There had been a base of nationalist feeling before that: the Muslims had a large and militant membership, and they had had violent battles with the police. But the August revolts charged the entire Negro population with that sense of "black power" that combines dignity, pride, hatred of whites and Negro brotherhood.

In Watts, there is no single form for its expression. There are organizations like SLANT (Self-Leadership for All Nationalities Today), Us (a somewhat cultish but powerful following of Malcolm X), the Black Muslims, the Afro-American Citizens' Council, the Self Determination Committee, the Afro-American Culture Association and more. It is hard to estimate their numbers (SLANT, which is Tommy Jacquette's group, has about 500 young members), but the important point is not members but sentiment. They catch the deepest aspirations in the ghetto, and they can command the "troops" when the crisis comes.

Nationalist feeling goes beyond these particular clubs. It permeates even the "moderate" institutions – the self-help organizations, the community development agencies, the Teen Posts. Many of them are moving to all-black staffs; whites are relegated to minor posts, as helpers or "resource people."

"What's happening in Watts is what's happening in the rest of America," a nationalist leader told me. "The ghetto is no promised land. There are no jobs to be integrated into. There's no way to move to the so-called integrated areas. The accepted liberal means don't work. The white power structure has no intention of giving up anything without demands, and power yields only to power. I want to see black people organized for power – now. There are enough black people in Los Angeles right now to have a great amount of power *as blacks*. Every other ethnic group in America did it – the Jews, the Italians, the Irish, all of them. The black people have to do it even more, because they were slaves and they started with absolutely no power at all. The feeling is there, though the organizational unity isn't there yet. But the only healthy sign is the feeling of black unity, the feeling that people will have to look to themselves for the solution to their problems."

There is no single ideological line for "black nationalism." SLANT's Tommy Jacquette, for instance, calls himself "more liberal" than others because he sees nationalism as a more or less temporary stage: black men (they all disdain the "slave" word "Negro") have to build up their own community before integration is anything more than continued subservience. Jacquette does not isolate himself from whites; but if they want to help, he recommends that they work in their own worlds, trying to force changes within white society that could allow Negroes acceptance as equals.

But the line moves quickly to extreme positions. As it does, behavior as well as philosophy becomes more removed from white standards. Leaders of Us wear green felt "bubas" (a sort of poncho, of no particular national origin) to set themselves apart (their followers sometimes wear Malcolm X sweatshirts). "Black" is the common referent for all that is good or true. There are black holidays (Malcolm's Birthday, the Sacrifice of Malcolm, Uhuru Day), black language (Swahili), black schools (teaching "soul," nationalist doctrine), black history and, in a sense, black logic.

"You can't mix with the power structure that you're going to deal with," Us's chief, Ron Karenga, explains. Karenga, a 24-year-old graduate student (African linguistics) at UCLA, speaks with a biting, slyly contemptuous air of an old mandarin. "We can't share power that we don't have. We could some day

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share city or state power, but not community power." At a youth rally after the Deadwyler killing, Karenga said, "We are free men. We have our own language. We are making our own customs and we name ourselves. Only slaves and dogs are named by their masters" (Karenga's name used to be Everett).

The Deadwyler case, Karenga thinks, "could be the catalyst that sets off a community-wide revolt."

A Delicate Political Situation

White Los Angeles is convinced that the Negroes want another violent revolt, and black Watts is sure the whites will provoke it. Observers who have wandered around the 77th Precinct say the mood of the police swings from deep hatred to deep fear of the Negroes. The Negroes feel much the same way, in reverse.

On both sides there are increasing pressures to keep the lid on. For the whites, another blowup could upset an already delicate political situation – there are state, congressional and county elections this year, and Watts is a major issue in all of them. Governor Brown, for one, has an overriding interest in at least the semblance of tranquillity in Watts. He has suffered criticism on the subject from all sides; the whites think he was too weak with the Negroes, and the Negroes think that in deference to white prejudice and frugality he has failed to seek bold reforms. He is sensitive to the charge that his office did not quickly call up the National Guard last August (Brown was initially out of the country, and much of the blame rests with Lt. Gov. Glenn Anderson). He is said to be a little quicker on the trigger these days. In the wake of the Deadwyler killing, National Guardsmen were alerted and advance men were moved into the area in the middle of the night. Brown sends aides into Watts to "talk things over" with Negro militants, and while nothing tangible comes of the conversations, the Negroes are pulled into a talking situation.

On the ghetto Negroes' side, there are new organizational pressures for "cooling it" that did not exist before last August. Watts was the paradigm non-community. It had a wide variety of leaders and practically no followers. In the past year, the traditional leadership has been discarded – first went the clergymen, then the politicians, and the older civil rights chiefs who used to talk mainly to the whites. There are rudiments of new kinds of organization, but it is barely visible (especially to the white eye). "Before August there were gangs," Tommy Jacquette explained; "now they're organizations." There are also the new self-help agencies, like Operation Bootstrap ("Learn Baby, Learn") which does job training, literacy, and personal behavior education in a strongly nationalist atmosphere. The local poverty program has funded the Westminster Neighborhood Association and the Neighborhood Adult Participation Project which sponsors training and education projects, block and tenant organizations and various social services. Local residents are hired (including some of the most active young militants) and they quickly develop an interest in community stability. The activist groups perhaps would not mind a good fight – if they could lead it. But none of them feels that they are yet in a secure leadership position. For the time being, they all would rather keep things just below boiling-point.

There is nothing very important being done to change people's lives in Watts, and until there is, outbursts of fresh violence should be expected. The official war on poverty has some $33 million to spend (after long delays in funding because of Mayor Samuel Yorty's political shenanigans with the board of directors), but few Watts Negroes can see where it all goes. Actually, two-thirds of it shores up the public schools, a program which is, in the phrase of a poverty program official in Washington, "like flushing it down the drain." The Teen Posts, Westminster and NAPP have some potentially helpful programs, but they are so far mired in the general administrative mess and rendered practically useless by the inadequacy of funds. Sargent Shriver has been shopping for a new L.A. poverty czar, but at least two of those asked have said privately that Shriver would not assure them of his political support for whatever "controversial" activities they might try.

Times are bad in the power broker business; many of the middlemen seem to be losing their accounts. In Watts, the whites – and even the middle-class Negroes – cannot do much to win the confidence of the ghetto. There is suspicion all around. One Watts nationalist leader told me, when I called for an interview, "I don't think you'd give us a fair shake because like most liberals you're probably a Jew and very sensitive to anti-Semitism, and you just don't want to understand black nationalism." The impression is strong that, in every way, it is already too late in Watts.

Although whites will be increasingly irrelevant in the ghetto, it does not mean the death of "leadership." Ignored for years, natural leaders are now quickly rising to the top. On the first day of the Deadwyler inquest hundreds of furious Watts residents jammed into the courtroom and threatened, if only by their presence, to break up the proceedings. Appeals from stern and respectable whites failed. Finally, a black man in a Malcolm X shirt climbed into the judge's chair and directed the scores of Negro clergymen to get out. They did. Then, he said, the rest of the black folk (without special business in the court) could go, too. The people filed peacefully into the corridor, and the man in the Malcolm X shirt climbed down.

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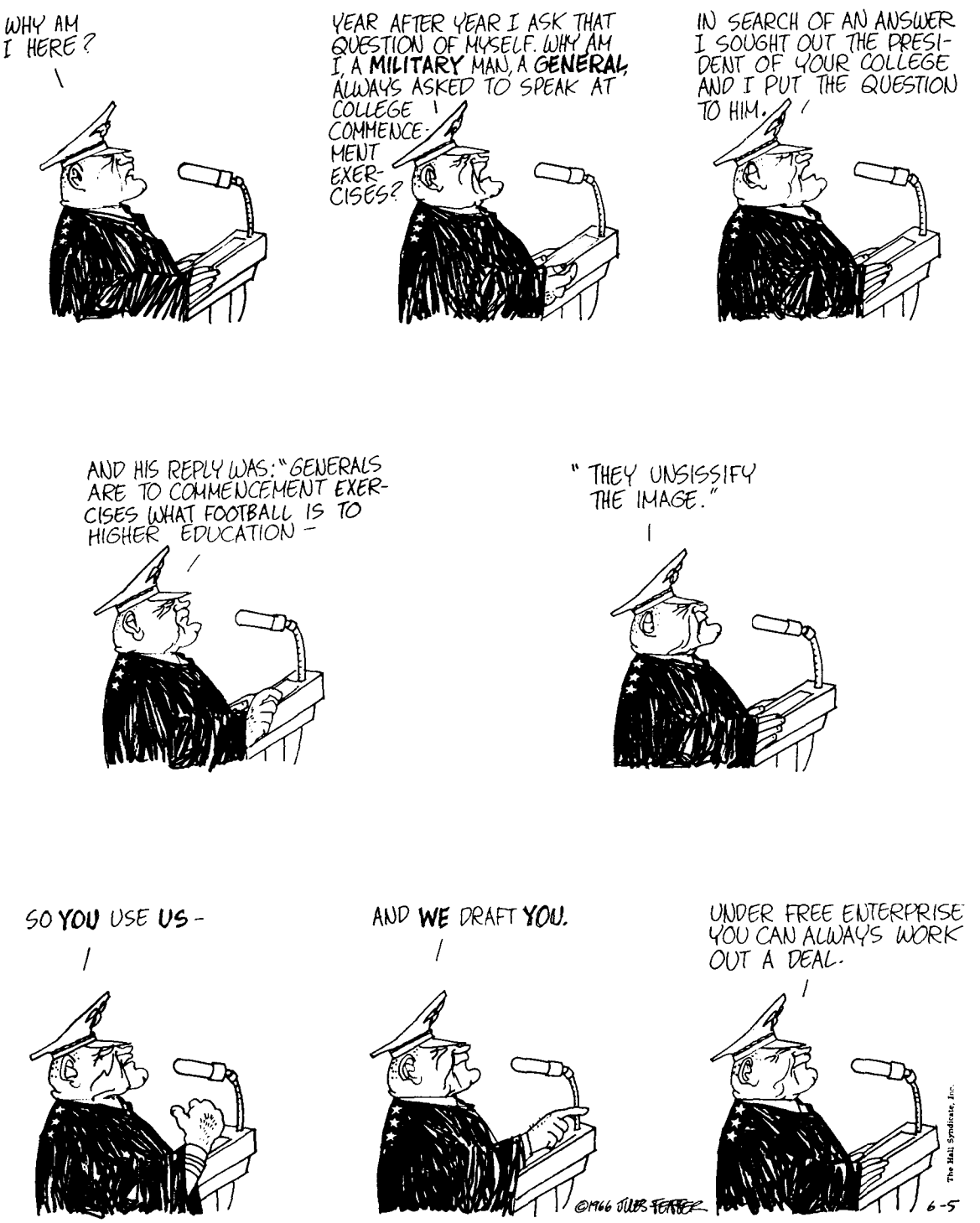
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The Posthumous Career of Charles Williams

by John Heath-Stubbs

Charles Williams, who was born in 1886 and died in Oxford in 1945, is hard to place in twentieth-century British literature. Shortly after his death his friend, the late C. S. Lewis, wrote an article in which he suggested (admittedly with a question mark), that Williams might be the greatest poet of the time. But many judges have dismissed his work, some have found it repugnant. His official public reputation is almost non-existent; yet he has undeniably been an influence. W. H. Auden has acknowledged his debt; T. S. Eliot has paid tribute to his work. Both share Williams' Christian and specifically Anglican point of view. Dylan Thomas' *The Conversation of Prayers* embodies a characteristic and central idea of Williams' – the doctrine of exchange. (Thomas met Williams when the former was a student at the City Literary Institute in London where Williams regularly lectured.)

War in Heaven
Many Dimensions
Shadows of Ecstasy
The Place of the Lion
Descent into Hell
The Descent of the Dove
by Charles Williams
(Eerdman's; paperbound; $1.95 each)

The doctrine of exchange is expounded in Williams' novel *Descent Into Hell* by the poet, Peter Stanhope, to the heroine, Pauline Anstruther, who has confessed to him her secret fear. She has had the experience of meeting a *doppelgaenger*, her own double:

"But how can I not be afraid?" she asked. "It's hellish nonsense to talk like that. I suppose that's rude but –

"It's no more nonsense than your own story," he said. "That isn't; very well, this isn't. We all know what fear and trouble are. Very well. O when you leave here you'll think of yourself that I've taken this particular trouble over instead of you. You'd do as much for me if I needed it, or for anyone. And I will give myself to it. I'll think of what comes to you, and imagine it, and know it, and be afraid of it. And then, you see, you won't." . . .

He sat up and leaned towards her. "It's so easy," he went on, "easy for both of us. It needs only the act. For what can be simpler than for you to think to yourself that since I am there to be troubled? And what can be easier than for me to carry a little while a burden that isn't mine?" . . .

"But I think when Christ or St. Paul, or whoever said *bear* or whatever he Aramaically said instead of *bear*, he meant something much more like carrying a parcel instead of someone else. To bear a burden is precisely to carry it instead of. If you're still carrying yours, I'm not carrying it for you – however sympathetic I may be. And anyhow there's no need to introduce Christ, unless you wish. It's a fact of experience. If you give a weight to me, you can't be carrying it yourself; all I'm asking you to do is to notice that blazing truth. It doesn't sound very difficult."

Peter Stanhope, incidentally is a *persona* of Williams himself. He used the name as a pseudonym when writing his play *Judgment of Chelmsford*.

Williams' works include poetry, plays, novels, literary criticism, and theological and biographical books, a number of which have just been reissued in the US. I stake my claim for him as a major writer primarily on his two cycles of poems on the Arthurian legend. They are difficult, remote in style and theme from the general run of modern poetry, and their readership, at least at present, is likely to remain small. They require a familiar-

Starting Summer

Knowing from books that hay was the rich thing,
She and I, from Penguins devoured in trains,
Smiled in the middle of this stroll through fields
That holiday to find the stack.
This was the message of my eyes in hers:
These walks through flat fields often lead upstairs.
Her own were ringed with yesses. Let's
Have our lunch up there, was how one put it. Bareback
On horsefood I rode her. Her patient skin
Was pricked like a map where the stubble-pins went in.

That good thing I learned from books at least;
Most of the rest was idle. She put back
Everything, I helped her. "Beast!"
Was not in her mind. We crunched a mutual apple,
Then found ourselves sneezing: I handed her hastily down
And in a cruel shimmer
We began the hot trek to the dividing town.
That Friday although only Good was damned warm:
We had started summer.

HILARY CORKE

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ity with the pattern of his ideas, and these are more easily learned from his prose writings.

It is probably through his novels, which he wrote to keep the pot boiling that most people first become acquainted with Williams. The novels are in the category of supernatural romance. *War in Heaven* and *Shadows of Ecstasy* involve the operations of black magicians, and *The Place of the Lion* the incursion of archetypal images into the phenomenal world. In *Many Dimensions*, a magic stone enables it's possessor to transcend time and space. The action of *Descent into Hell* takes place on a plain where the living and the dead mingle. These are not mere Gothic romances. Their setting is always contemporary, London or the English Home Counties which Williams knew and loved; the characters are from the middle class from which he came and in whose spiritual potentialities he unfashionably believed.

Christian novelists – Dostoevsky, Mauriac, Graham Greene – have succeeded by excluding the direct intervention of the supernatural and the miraculous from the action of their work. But to Williams, a hieratic view of reality, more akin to that of earlier ages, was a living experience. From his boyhood days ritual was of central importance to him; ritual centered in the liturgy of the Church, at the heart of which lay an affirmation of a transcendent order made actual by incarnation and sacrament.

I have fallen into the technical language of theology; it is impossible to discuss Williams' work without doing so. For him such language was not a scholastic abstraction but the only accurate way of describing experience, and experience was primary, as it was with Kierkegaard, the significance of whose work Williams was one of the first, in the English speaking world, to see:

> He [Kierkegaard] co-ordinated experiences in a new manner; say, using the old word, that he caused alien and opposite experiences to co-inhere. He was the type of the new state of things in which Christendom had to exist, and of the new mind with which Christendom knew them. He lived under a sense of judgment, of contrition, of asceticism; but also (and equally) of revolt, of refusal, of unbelief.

Thus, among Williams' theological writings, *The Descent of the Dove* is significantly not a history of the Church but a history of the Holy Spirit in the Church; not an exposition of dogma but an account of the response of Christians, as individuals and as community, to the experience of God's working through time. All his work affirms Christian belief, but a very important place in it is occupied by what he called "the quality of disbelief." In *The Descent of the Dove* he is able to write not only with respect but with passionate admiration of Montaigne and of Voltaire:

> Voltaire seems actually to have thought on a low level; he did suppose that the fact that there were a thousand reputed Saviours of the world proved that there was no Saviour of the world, and that the different circumstances and natures of many mothers of many gods disproved the Virginity of the Mother of God. We know that neither affirmation nor denial are as simple as that. But in matters of public morals Voltaire shocked and justly shook the Church. The mechanical operation of cruelty which proceeded under the automatic rigor of the still officially Christian governments was halted, for a brief moment, by the incredible energy of the old man at Ferney. The Calas case at Toulouse had been an exhibition of offensive and habitual – how habitual! – bestiality. That a Huguenot family had suffered at the hands of a Catholic magistracy was an accident of the country; in France things had that particular color. The important thing was that an ordinary family had suffered under the solemn manias of officialdom – and unjustly even by officialdom's own regulations. In this and in other

COMING

The Poetry of Sylvia Plath
reviewed by Stephen Spender

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cases Voltaire attacked in force and with a passion of sincerity: "I will not laugh while such things are done." He wrote across the brain of all future Christendom: "*Écrasez l'infame.*" Christendom will be unwise if ever she forgets that cry, for she will have lost touch with contrition once more.

It was to the insights of the poets, however, that Williams most naturally appealed for sanctions for his imaginative ideas; above all to Dante (on whom he wrote a valuable study), and among the English poets Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. He wrote of poetry as a charting of the spiritual universe, in which each poet explored aspects of reality his own experience and style opened up to him, but whose insights, as it were, supplemented and corrected these of the others. It was the function of the poet, Williams thought, to pursue the Way of the Affirmation of Images. The images were to be affirmed through an experience of Romantic Love – whether of a human Beatrice, or of created Nature (as in Wordsworth), or of the City. This last image was that of a just society, where men might live according to the laws of love, participation, and exchange. A vision of any of these, granted to a poet or to any man capable of passionate experience, was not a mere fleeting intimation, still less an excuse for emotional self-indulgence – though for many it is only that. It was to be pursued with a conscious emotional and intellectual discipline, and brought into relationship with other images. As such it could lead to the Divine Vision, of which all images are a partial realization.

To many, Charles Williams' preoccupations seem remote from those of the contemporary world. But if the moral and intellectual confusion of our society is to find a faith by which it can be ordered, may it not come through the reinterpretation of traditional religious beliefs in terms accessible to the deepest and most intimate experience of all of us? Such a reinterpretation Williams' work, I believe, does achieve. William Blake did something of the same kind in his own disturbed and revolutionary age; but Blake had to wait several generations before he was widely understood.

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Updating American Education

by Ronald Moskowitz

Francis Keppel, former Dean of the Harvard School of Education, has been an Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and as such, overlord of all government programs bearing on education. He knows his subject and he expresses the hope that his book will stimulate concern for the welfare of the schools. *The Necessary Revolution in American Education* is a well-documented defense of the need for massive federal intervention in education. It is also a compendium of Francis Keppel's ideas, prejudices, hopes, dreams, and a collection of up-to-date facts and statistics on how American education is making out.

The Necessary Revolution in American Education
by Francis Keppel
(Harper & Row; $5.95)

For the white elite in suburbia, public schools have become, the equivalent of private, good quality institutions, while for most of the city children, schools are overcrowded, underfinanced, poorly-equipped, understaffed prisons. Keppel sees the move of the upper and middle-class whites to suburbia as a flight not so much from the Negro but from poor education. This, coupled with the steadily-growing influx of Negroes into the cities, is producing fantastic racial problems. In fifteen years, Negroes will probably be the majority in Detroit, Baltimore, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis; and in 25 years, in Philadelphia as well. Over 80 percent of the children enrolled in the public schools of Washington, D.C., are Negroes.

The answer, Mr. Keppel says, is either to condone de facto segregation or to improve the quality of *all* schools, so that whites will be attracted back into the cities. With the revolution of equality already sweeping the country, condoning de facto segregation is no choice at all.

But how do we go about improving the quality of education for all children? Keppel says it will take the combined efforts of community and school leaders to abolish poverty, segregation and oppression, and at the same time improve the quality of the schools. If city schools are to change, real estate boards, as well as the school board will have to play a role. City governments will have to join hands with school governments. "Commitment is contagious and so is the lack of it."

The author argues that school administrators have been so worried about buildings, the budget, salaries of their teachers that they have forgotten they are the educational leaders of the schools. School superintendents, he tells us, have failed to take into account social conditions which might affect pupils more profoundly than buildings. Local boards of education expect the superintendent to be both schoolmaster and part of public administration; but there isn't time or the likelihood that he can do both well.

The trend toward more liberal arts training for teachers must be continued, Mr. Keppel thinks. But in order to get prospective teachers to submit themselves to more rigorous training, salaries must be made more competitive with other professions that persons of similar training could enter. Although in good school systems initial salaries for new teachers are not bad, the problem lies in the future careers of teachers. Few of them today can rise to $10,000 a year no matter how long they stay on the job or how dedicated they are to it. Teachers must switch to administration to earn salaries comparable to those in government, for example. Even then, there is little chance of matching salaries paid in law or medicine.

By emphasizing administrative advancement, Mr. Keppel warns, we are running the danger of neglecting what matters most: a competent teaching staff in direct touch with pupils. He wants not only general salary increases, but simplified certification requirements and personnel reorganization under which master teachers would make more money. Teachers would get promotions and raises for merit.

Some other suggestions:

School boards, administrators and teachers should stop using phrases like "culturally deprived" and "socially underprivileged" as alibies for not finding ways to educate these children, or for tolerating poor schools provided them.

There must be an end to the "fortress school" which shuts its doors five days a week at 3 pm and all day on weekends to "protect" itself from the neighborhood.

Special training is needed for those who teach in urban low-income schools so that they can tune in on their pupils. In most cities today, slum schools have the youngest, least experienced teachers – and the highest turnover. Of course, the children in such schools don't learn much.

School personnel should quit classifying children as bright or dull on the basis of early IQ tests, since these tests are written for the middle class and are often based on vocabularies familiar only to privileged children. Such "records" may dog a child through his school years, reminding teachers – and worse, himself – that he can only go so far. Likewise, counsel-

➡ Peace marches
➡ Civil Rights demonstrations
➡ Berkeley riots
➡ Draft Card burnings
➡ Anti-Vietnam war teach-ins

. . . all are part of the new radical movement in America. Who are the new radicals? What do they believe? How much influence do they have? The answers are revealed here in a critical analysis by Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau. Included are the writings of Robert (Moses) Parris, Staughton Lynd, Carl Oglesby, and the other leaders of The Movement, along with a collection of statements, poems, songs, cartoons, and leaflets that show the style and quality of the protests of the 60's.

THE NEW RADICALS
A REPORT WITH DOCUMENTS
by PAUL JACOBS and SAUL LANDAU. Clothbound, $4.95; Paperbound, $1.95. Now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE

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ors must quit type-casting children into narrow vocational courses, simply because counselors think that these are the only jobs the children will be able to get later. Under such conditions, education becomes custodial care. Some new and more equitable ways of financing public schools must be found. Now, states with the lowest per capita income tend to carry the heaviest educational burden. And, within the states, a child in a rural community or urban slum has less chance for good-quality education than a suburban child. The latter problem is acute, since the range of expenditures is greater for school districts within states than is the range of averages between states. The capacity of the states to respond to all their educational needs, therefore, must be strengthened.

School districts need to be consolidated, allowing a broader tax base, a broader curriculum and more effective teaching per school tax dollar.

Finally, Mr. Keppel hopes that education, the largest industry in America, will emulate private business and put more of its money into research. Today, only one-half of one percent of total expenditures is reinvested in research, and that includes the federal funds he helped obtain from Congress in 1965.

Mr. Keppel predicts that research in education will boom in the years ahead, with the federal government and private industry both promoting it on a big scale and for the first time. He sees radical changes in the instruments of learning available to the schools, as large business concerns combine efforts to develop teaching materials and equipment. He has great faith in this vision. Last week, Mr. Keppel left public life to become Chairman of the Board of the General Learning Corporation of *Time*, Inc.

Soon to be a Major Motion Picture

by C. D. B. Bryan

Early one morning in the spring of 1963 an American writer stole into his magazine's locked New York office. After making certain that he was unobserved, he systematically rifled the editors' desks selecting only that material scheduled to appear in a forthcoming exposé issue on the Central Intelligence Agency. He filled his brief case with carbons of articles on agent-

The Number One Best Seller
by Marvin Kitman
(Dial; $3.95)

deaths in the field, double agents, copies of the secret CIA house organ (For Your Eyes Only), inter-CIA office Public Relations memos on the need to change CIA's image, the Agency's complete organization chart; he even took the magazine's cover dummy which bore the headlines: "What Does The CIA Have To Say About: Sex Perversion In Its Own Ranks? Why Three CIA Men Defected To The Reds? Why It Employs No Negro Agents? Its Top Heavy Budget?" After wiping the desks clean of fingerprints, he left the office, locked the door behind him, and moments later took a taxi to LaGuardia Airport and boarded the shuttle flight to Washington, D.C. From National Airport he took another taxi to a downtown Washington hotel where he had a second breakfast. He then walked up 16th Street, NW, and disappeared into the Russian Embassy. What would drive a 32-year-old successful writer with a wife, two children, and a home in Leonia, New Jersey, to do such a thing?

Marvin Kitman, in the "I Call On CIA" chapter of his book, *The Number One Best Seller*, explains:

> For months many of CIA's severest critics had been dropping by our editorial rooms to say things behind CIA's back and it made me mad. Whatever little mistakes the Agency had made in the past, it was still anti-Communist. As a loyal American, I felt obligated to become a well-paid informer.

The reason why Kitman disappeared into the Russian Embassy was that his plan had met with one snag: in order to sell out his friends and associates to the CIA, he had to first locate the Agency's secret headquarters, and what better place to ask its location than the Russian Embassy? The man Kitman questioned was a Russian attaché named Zotov who ushered him into a sitting room and then, according to Kitman, "he pulled a map from his inside jacket pocket and began looking for CIA headquarters. I was very excited at the sight of a map. 'I'll buy that map,' I said. Fortunately, he didn't understand my offer. The map had been published by the Standard Oil

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Company of New Jersey."

Kitman's account of his trip to the Russian Embassy and eventual interview with an official at the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, is absolutely true. He did attempt to sell out his employer and fellow employees at *Monocle*, the magazine of political satire. I know because my office was next to Kitman's.

The Number One Best Seller opens with an introduction by the author's wife, Carol Kitman, who states: "I haven't read this book because I have already lived through the adventures he describes. There is nothing funny about real life." This is followed by Marvin Kitman's letter to the President of the Underwood Corporation for his company's technical assistance in preparing the manuscript, "I hxartily rxcommxnd your typxwritxr to othxr writxrs who also want to writx bxst sxllxrs." *The Number One Best Seller's* title was chosen as the winning entry in a title writing contest sponsored by the Independent Research Laboratory of Leonia, New Jersey. Second place went to *43 Weeks on the Best Seller List;* third to *Book of the Month;* and fourth *Soon To Be A Major Motion Picture.*

In addition to his adventures with the CIA, Kitman describes his plunge into the stock market to test the controversial profit-making theory of Charles H. Dow, editor of the *Wall Street Journal* from 1889 to 1902, who stated, "Buy low and sell high." Kitman bought Imperial Chinese Government Hukuang Railways 5 percent Sinking Fund Gold Loan of 1911 bonds. He also attempted to become the only male member in the League of Women Voters, applied for the crop allotment checks due him for not planting cotton on his lawn in Leonia, and purchased one ton of steel from the Wheeling Steel Corporation, because, as he wrote the company president, "the courageous act of a little steel company like yours raising prices alone was so inspirational it will probably inspire the big steel companies to raise theirs. Since everybody who believes in free enterprise will soon be in debt to your company, the least we can do is order your steel – even if it costs a little more." Kitman opened a secret bank account in Switzerland, then because he had trouble remembering his account number, asked that the secret number be changed to one containing fours and sixes, his lucky numbers. He tried to telephone Mao Tse-tung to offer his house in Leonia as a neutral site for the next summit meeting between Khrushchev and Mao. He collected one thousand silver certificates, then demanded the one dollar in silver payable to the bearer from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. He was refused, went to the United States Treasury in Washington where he was able to collect, then had to hire a Brinks truck to freight one thousand silver dollars back to Leonia. Kitman confesses that as an undergraduate at CCNY, he was an anti-Communist.

The magazine articles which make up this book originally appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post, The New Leader, Monocle* and its offspring, *The Outsider's Newsletter.* They present a portrait of an author the likes of which hasn't been seen since the golden age of newspaper and magazine humorists such as Robert Benchley, James Thurber, Dorothy Parker, H. Allen Smith, Corey Ford, S. J. Perelman (whose piece in the May 14-20 *TV Guide* is not to be missed!), George S. Kaufman, Don Marquis, F. P. A., Ring Lardner, Dr. Traprock, George S. Chappell, Wolcott Gibbs, and E. B. White. In those days there was *Vanity Fair* and an exciting magazine called *The New Yorker.* The capable humor writer could be fairly certain of selling a good article for $750 to $1,000, and be able to place twelve to fifteen of these in any given year. This is no longer true, partly because the number of magazines has dwindled, partly because the old-fashioned sustained humor no longer has much attraction for magazine editors. Consequently humor writers are forced to make the leap into the book field (which very few of them can do successfully), or write for television (which very few of them can do comfortably, see *Only You, Dick Daring!*), or enter the newspaper business (but only if they are over draft age; see Art Buchwald vs LBJ, Russell Baker vs LBJ, Fletcher Knebel vs LBJ, etc.), or they drop out of sight. In their places come swarms of cheap, trashy, no-neck writers who feel that humor lies in making James Bond, Fanny Hill or Batman Jewish or Polish or Italian. There are stand-up comics whose material appears in print (Woody Allen, Dick Gregory, Allen King, Godfrey Cambridge, etc.). There are the Black Humorists, but they are basically novelists (Kurt Vonnegut, John Barth, Bruce Jay Friedman, Terry Southern *et al.*). There are not enough poets like Ogden Nash. There are cartoonists who write (Walt Kelly, Jules Feiffer, Roger Price, Charles M. Schulz, Shel Silverstein). But in today's mass magazines, what writer approaches the warmth, the grace of the humorists of that golden age?

I think magazines are being destroyed by the cautiousness of their editors who in one breath cry out that they need more humor, and in the next breath protest that they can't print anything on *that!* The humorous pieces which generally reach print in mass circulation magazines come out as though fed through a Gerber banana puree machine. Yes, there are exceptions. Kitman is one. Jean Kerr and Peg Bracken are two others. And at times, so are Leo Rosten and Art Buchwald. But the teeth are gone. And it is little wonder that magazine humor in this country ends up in the cartoons and six-line fillers under headings like "Humor in Uniform." If there is going to be a renaissance of humor, it will have to come from the editors, because there are a good many young writers who should not only be permitted but forced to cut loose and have not as yet done so. (I am thinking here of William Peter Blatty, John Gregory Dunne, Calvin Trillin, John Skow, Gerald Jonas, M. J. Arlen, Richard R. Lingeman, L. L. Case, Lewis H. Lapham, Dan Greenburg, Caskie Stinnett and I'm sure, many others.)

There is probably no form of writing short of a defense of our position in Vietnam more difficult than humor. It looks easy; therefore, most people think that they could do it – if only they had more time. But, ladies, that funny thing that happened to you in the supermarket is probably a bore. No style of writing is more demanding of discipline, taste and restraint, because humor spoils quickly. What might be a hilarious idea turns soggy on paper. For every successful humorous piece written, its writer no doubt discarded twenty. Therefore

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when a truly humorous book such as Kitman's is published, palm fronds should be heaped upon the author. And when that book contains pieces which appeared virtually as printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* and are still funny, then the author has earned the highest honor his nation can bestow upon him: The Presidency of the United States. Unfortunately, should this happen, it will be old (stovepipe) hat to Kitman, the latter half of whose book contains an account of his campaign for the Presidency as a Lincoln Republican during the last Presidential election. Kitman lost.

Until his death recently, there lived in Washington, one of the nicest, warmest and most gentle men I have ever known: Hugh Troy. From his undergraduate days until his death, Mr. Troy was highly esteemed for his humor and delightful practical jokes. He never hurt a soul, never degraded the victim of his joke. He merely prodded pompous persons, institutions, and businesses and perhaps taught them to take themselves a little less seriously. Many people are going to try to compare Marvin Kitman to Robert Benchley or Artemus Ward. But no, Kitman is closer to Hugh Troy.

RECORDS

Operas Known and Unknown

The recording of Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* a year or so ago was occasion to deplore the New York City Opera's policy of producing successive worthless operas by untalented American composers but not one of the distinguished achievements of the talented ones. Year after year the company repeats Moore's *Ballad of Baby Doe*, Floyd's *Susannah*, Weill's *Street Scene*, the Menotti works; but it never repeated Copland's *The Tender Land* after the first production in 1954. In the time since then, Copland has revised the work; and an opportunity to hear a large part of it again is provided by Columbia ML-6214 and MS-6814, which have the performance Copland conducted for the New York Philharmonic. The hearing has confirmed my impression of the work in 1954: that it offered Copland's largest canvas, so to speak, richly filled out with vocal and orchestral writing in the accessible and attractive idiom of Copland's ballet and other dramatic scores, as against the inaccessible and unattractive idiom of many of the instrumental works – writing, moreover, impressive and affecting in the profusion, the resourceful variety, the effectiveness for expressive purpose, as well as the occasional sheer loveliness, of its invention and elaboration. The excellent performance – with Joy Clements and Richard Cassilly in the leading roles – is heard echoing in excessively resonant space.

As for standard repertory, the performance of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* superbly conducted by Renato Fasano on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-6169 features Shirley Verrett, whose mezzo-soprano voice is strong and steady but without sensuous warmth, and whose singing is expressively effective but doesn't rise to powerful and affecting eloquence. Anna Moffo (Euridice) and Judith Raskin (Amor) both have lovely soprano voices; but Raskin sings with an enlivening style that Moffo doesn't have. The singing of the Polyphonic Chorus of Rome and the playing of the Virtuosi di Roma and Instrumental Ensemble of the Collegium Musicum Italicum are excellent. I prefer the more clearly defined bass of the mono sound.

And the performance of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Victor LM- and LSC-6170 – which like the London performance makes it possible to hear valuable passages that are omitted in the opera house – is conducted effectively by Prêtre, and has pretty sounds from Moffo again, with competent singing by Sereni, and stylistically distinguished singing by Bergonzi and Flagello. The RCA Italiana orchestra and chorus are good.

After Frieda Hempel there was Maria Ivoguen, whose most sensational feat was her deployment of her exquisite soprano voice with enchanting style and seemingly effortless agility in the pyrotechnical *"Grossmaechtige Prinzessin"* from Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*. This, electrically recorded, is on imported Odeon O-83395 (mono only), with the acoustically recorded *"Martern aller Arten"* from Mozart's *Seraglio*, *"Der Hoelle Rache"* from his *Magic Flute*, *"Una voce poco fa"* (in German) from *The Barber of Seville*, and less consequential pieces.

Boston, ten years ago, heard a beautiful performance of Verdi's *Requiem* from Cantelli; but the Boston Symphony performance preserved on Victor LM- and LSC-7040 is made lifeless by Leinsdorf's wooden conducting, and unlistenable much of the time by Birgit Nilsson's unpleasant singing.

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– with Seefried, Gertrud Pitzinger, Richard Holm, Kim Borg, the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Symphony conducted by Jochum – is good. A few extraneous sounds testify to its having been recorded at a memorial service.

The church music of Thomas Tallis on Argo RG-436 and ZRG-5436 includes several marvelously beautiful and affecting pieces of polyphony. The excellent singing of the Choir of King's College and Cambridge University Musical Society Chorus under Willcocks' direction sounds closer and more solid in the mono version, a little distant and diffuse in the stereo.

The lively and inventive Haydn mind playing with the minds of his listeners frequently rises to incandescence in the six Quartets Op. 33. As against the hitherto definitive performances by the Schneider Quartet, those of the excellent Weller Quartet on London CMA-7214 (mono) move with more speed and lightness, which work well most of the time and produce a first movement of No. 3 more convincing than the Schneiders' excessively slow-paced one, but which keep the first movement of No. 2 from having the cantabile character Haydn prescribes.

The performance of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet K.581 by the Soloists of the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18-996 (mono) is very good (but the one on Angel 36241 has even more beautiful playing of the clarinet part by de Peyer); and the reverse side offers superbly phrased playing of the oboe part in the Quartet K.370.

The idea that Mozart at twenty was a mere purveyor of entertainment who only later wrote as a profoundly serious artist is contradicted by the Piano Concerto K.271, which does certainly offer marvelous entertainment in its high-spirited fast movements, but in between has a melancholy and impassioned Andantino in C minor in which Mozart speaks as he does in the great C-minor Andante of the Concerto K.482. In the performance on Vanguard VRS-1154 and VSD-71154 Janigro and his Solisti di Zagreb provide an excellent context for playing by Alfred Brendel which admirably combines sensitiveness with strength and cohesive tension in the first movement, but goes slack in parts of the Andantino and doesn't have the verve the final Presto calls for. (The orchestra plays in the Andantino without the mutes prescribed in the score.) The reverse sides have a good performance of the Concerto K.449, an engaging work of lesser stature. In the mono version the piano sounds too far away, and not in proper relation to the orchestra.

On the Sunday music page of the *New York Times* one reads about a new matured Leonard Bernstein; but on Columbia ML-6174 and MS-6774 one hears the old Bernstein who again – as with Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* – conducts the New York Philharmonic in a performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* that is mostly first-rate by virtue of its steadiness, but is spoiled by the few excessive retardations that destroy its momentum and continuity.

With Schnabel's superb performances of Schubert's *Moments Musicaux*, Angel COLH-308 offers his performances with his son Karl Ulrich of two Schubert pieces for piano 4 hands: the poignantly lovely *Andantino Varié* and diffuse *Divertissement à l'Hongroise.*

Wondering why Fischer-Dieskau had recorded another Schubert *Winterreise* on Deutsche Grammophon 19-201/2 and 139-201/2 so soon after the one on Angel 3640, I heard the reason in the very first piano chords from Joerg Demus, which though quiet had an incisiveness of attack and tone that contrasted with the muffled playing of Gerald Moore. And it became clear that Demus' marvelous playing stimulated Fischer-Dieskau to greater expressiveness – and even to occasional excessive vehemence. Unfortunately the recording makes the piano barely audible behind the voice; and in the stereo version the piano sound itself is poor.

B. H. HAGGIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Heath-Stubbs' *newest book, his* Selected Poems, *was recently published by the* Oxford University Press. Hilary Corke's *collection of poems,* The Early Drowned, *appeared in 1961.* Ronald Moskowitz *is Associate Director of the Education Commission of the States.* C. D. B. Bryan, *whose novel,* P. S. Wilkinson, *won the Harper prize two years ago, is completing a new novel.*

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Correspondence

Lippmann's University

Sirs:

May I take cautious issue with one of the wisest men of our time? Walter Lippmann ("The University," May 28) correctly reminds us that modern men are "deprived of the guidance and support of traditional and customary authority." So we are, so we should be. The emancipation of our generation from immature dependence on past religious and intellectual authority has forced us into the uncomfortable position of having to think and decide for ourselves on a whole range of things. We live in a time of welcome disestablishmentarianism in all fields. But now Mr. Lippmann wants to establish a new church, the "universal company of scholars." Presumably they will now step in to fill the "spiritual and intellectual vacuum."

I admire his residual piety, but as one with experience in both churches and universities, I am afraid it is misdirected. The sad fact is that we must learn to live without any established church, with no revered "clerocracy" to borrow T. S. Eliot's word. Today's universities, deeply enmeshed in federal research, wracked by student unrest, unclear about priorities and even conspiring with the CIA seem, in any case, somewhat unlikely candidates for the sacral mantle he wants to cast over them.

We have struggled through to an era which gives promise of authentic secularity and real pluralism. Let us not revert too easily to a theocracy of academe.

Harvey G. Cox
The Divinity School
Harvard University

. . . I must confess to Mr. Lippmann that after ten years of spiritually debilitating preparation for entry into the "community of scholars" which is to become the nation's savior, I have gained a rather different picture. It has been my impression that scholars spend most of their time pursuing not "truth," but contracts and grants, not "wisdom," but publication and professional renown. The universities are indeed "depositories" but of orthodoxy and cant, not wisdom. . . . How many books are turned out by the university presses that are read by Lippmann's common man in need of spiritual guidance? Why not even the professionals try to read most of the barely grammatical prose churned out by the learned journals.

I wonder if Mr. Lippmann had in mind the training of police cadres in Vietnam under CIA contract when he spoke of the university's role in educating the "rulers of the state." And does the "royal science" refer to the determination of class standings which are then provided, free of charge, to a government bent on shipping out the less fit (as determined by grades) to kill or be killed in an undeclared war? . . . Can the universities, ever more dependent upon federal contracts, federal grants, federal contacts, and state patronage, play anything like an independent role? Can the new generation of scholars (any generation), having spent the best years of their youth being dessicated, compartmentalized and rendered safely sterile and irrelevant by the ennervating and petty tasks of graduate life in order to meet what Lippmann thinks are the sacrosanct standards of the academic priesthood, be expected to provide religious inspiration and disciplined guidance to a world "lost and adrift"?

But let us assume that the universities are, or can become, the centers of scholarship and wisdom that Lippmann presumes them to be. Ought we then to make them the "court of last resort" in all matters of "truth and error"? Are they to become the sole "possessors and guardians of true knowledge"? No thinking man – least of all a true scholar – would assent to such a role for the institution in which he worked. The truth is not, as Mr. Lippmann seems to think it is, an elusive but real substance invisible to most of us, but perceivable to an initiated elect established in self-perpetuating ivory towers. Nor does knowledge of facts, processes, or physical laws (which, it can be conceded, the universities have in abundance) provide a basis for making ethical or religious decisions. The judgment that American policy in Vietnam (for example) is good or bad has an entirely different basis than the one that two and two make four, and authority in

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the latter is no guarantee of authority in the former. The total capitulation of German academicians to the Nazi regime should prove this even to those unwilling to take the word of Hume or Kant or G. E. Moore.

If, as Lippmann tells us, "modern man in his search for truth . . . is left, for better or for worse, with the professors," then let us make no mistake: it is for worse. Bureaucrats and commissars, priests and even kings would make kinder masters than the present denizens of America's tradition-bound universities. I myself would be content with transforming them back into relatively independent cases of thoughtfulness and reflection where students can once again learn and scholars can think and teach. *Benjamin R. Barber*
Cambridge, Mass.

Flap Over Fulbright

Sirs:

It's difficult to pinpoint what is so distressing about Alex Campbell's article (May 21) on Fulbright. It seems careful and fair; but implications pile up and one is left with a bitter taste.... For example, he writes: "People insist on being optimistic; Fulbright will have none of it. 'We seem to feel somehow that because the hydrogen bomb has not killed us yet it is never going to kill us. This is a dangerous assumption'." Are the following assumptions dangerous? Answer yes or no: "I've smoked two packs of cigarettes a day for ten years and don't have cancer, so this stuff about smoking causing cancer must be bunk." "American automobile makers are only giving Americans what they want. The cars they make are much less safe to drive than they could be. Therefore Americans want cars which are unsafe to drive." Any other pessimists in the crowd? . . .

M. F. Beal
Seal Rock, Oregon

It was apparent even half-way through Mr. Campbell's piece that it had been written not so much from concern for, or even knowledge of issues as from an a priori emotional set and a couple of printed Fulbright speeches. . . .The article's substance condensed into the complaint that Fulbright should neither talk so much nor feel as he does. That he'd be better advised to shut up and become a helpful, industrious team member. In sum, Mr. Campbell doesn't like his style. . . . Point-by-point rebuttal is unnecessary. Mr. Campbell seems to have been primarily concerned with finding an oblique, tangential viewpoint – something to tease and affront intellectually smug liberal readers. The result was more cute than serious and, considering the context, borders on irresponsibility. . . .

Ann Carroll Foley
Chicago, Ill.

I know Senator Fulbright likes to watch old Jeannette MacDonald movies, and his approval of Labour Party policy on Suez obviously stems from a subconscious admiration for Ramsay MacDonald, but does this excuse the reenactment of the Massacre of Glencoe by Alex Campbell?

Archie Edwards
Pleasant Ridge, Mich.

What a loss for America when one of its best written, most liberal journals of opinion cannot respond with the breadth and magnanimity shown by Senator Fulbright in his own historic Johns Hopkins lectures. . . . When a high and eminently qualified official does his country the great service of leading this debate – with its most necessary evaluations of national shortcomings – and recognizes that there are no easy answers, the almost universal reaction of our communications media is small, chauvinistic, and unmagnanimous. And the American demagogues would deny our right to debate these matters at all.

Unless this country soon gets over a pervasive spiritual sickness, it will one day reap the results of a tacit but persistent acceptance that "might is right." Let us remember that tendencies toward arrogance, indirect or manifest, and failure now to debate broadly the basic foreign policy issues will be well noted by the rest of the world, and that in later times of different power balance our posterity will have to pay the full price. *Henry D. Quinby*
Piedmont, Calif.

. . . I am sure many of us are glad to see Fulbright coming to grips with some of the realities of contemporary life. Our regret is that he did not move into this vacuum earlier. Any voice that speaks up for something approaching rationality, however tardily, is to be treasured. *Earl T. Anderson*
Los Altos, Calif.

Fulbright's speeches deal with goals; it is unreasonable to take issue with the absence of specific policy suggestions. Actually, the implications for practical policy-making – for example, with respect to Vietnam – are quite clear: to stop escalating the war and to encourage South Vietnamese factions to settle the issue politically with the Viet Cong. . . . *Stephen Cohen*
New York, N. Y.

I was not amused. Granting Mr. Campbell's right to say it, and grateful to you also for printing opinions even though adverse to my own, I thought his words were unnecessarily weighted, and thus unjust. I honor Senator Fulbright for his tremendous courage in speaking out for himself and so many of his countrymen and I only wish he had not been as tolerant, and had expressed his views much sooner than he did. I feel Senator Fulbright is bearing my burden for me, and thank him wholeheartedly. *Lucy Cabral*
San Francisco, Calif.

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Walk, Don't Run

Sirs:

Your lead note, "Walk, Don't Run," (May 21) pointed up how desperately Washington needs political more than military allies in South Vietnam. The United States has not cultivated – apparently cannot even identify – South Vietnamese leaders who might win an election, open contacts with the NLF, invite us to go home, and still remain sensitive to our interest and involvement in Southeast Asia. Given its unwillingness to "undermine the morale" of General Ky, the Administration is apt not to locate such leaders and may have concluded that they are rare birds indeed, if they exist at all. But such civilian leaders do exist and the primary reason the United States should press for elections as soon as possible is to attempt to bring these men to the fore so that they can help us find a way out of this morass.

During the first two weeks in May, one Vietnamese national and patriot who fills this bill charmed our campus with his person and impressed even skeptics with his political sagacity. Tran Van Dinh is currently head of the Washington bureau of *The Saigon Post;* he owns part of that paper, but the junta censors most of his dispatches. He was a brigadier general with the Viet Minh guerrilla forces. He knows Ho Chi Minh and has contacts with the NLF. He was ambassador to Burma during Diem's reign and also served as Vietnamese delegate to the United Nations. He knows members of the Saigon junta as well as civilian, Buddhist and Catholic leaders.

Tran Van Dinh not only has experience and contacts, he has political ambitions and some following back home. All of this should be of great significance in Washington since he has staked his own political future on the United States and the proposition that we must continue to play a part in Vietnam after hostilities have ceased.

Tran Van Dinh despairs of our current policy. He considers the decision to carry the war to the North to have been a self-defeating move, when we could have dealt with the NLF alone. "Why not negotiate with the weaker adversary when you have a choice?" He also laments the military escalation because it has resulted in a corresponding moralistic escalation in Washington, which minimizes our prospects of getting this affair back to a level of political assessments and dealings. He is saddened by the disruption and dislocations caused by so many American troops and their dollars in urban enclaves. Yet he continues to argue that the United States is potentially a better ally to Vietnam than either we or the NLF recognize.

In *Presidential Power,* Richard Neustadt observed that much of FDR's success came as the result of his reaching out for information from conflicting sources. It appears that President Johnson is weakening his maneuverability by seriously listening to only those who confirm our present course. Isn't there someone close to the President who can help him see that some critics of the current policy are among his best allies? Must we press on until war-weary Vietnamese turn on US troops in the streets of Saigon, Da Nang, and Hué before we search for alternatives to the bloody futility of our present course?

Gene Chenoweth
Peter Crossland
Department of Politics and Government
Ohio Wesleyan University

The Peace Corps and the Military

Sirs:

The suggestion by Secretary McNamara and others, that service in the Peace Corps be an alternative to military service, raises some very serious questions.

Firstly, is the voluntary nature of the Peace Corps. This has perhaps been the greatest reason for the Peace Corps' success both in terms of the Volunteer's attitude, and the awe in which this voluntariness is held by both the elites and masses of the underdeveloped nations. While the Peace Corps as an alternative would most likely attract those "involved students" whom Peace Corps officials have been trying to lure . . . the effect on the developing country might be similar to the news cartoon of the Soviet conscript in Hungary going off to the Suez Canal to become a "volunteer."

Another important consideration is the relative immunity from US foreign policy which the Peace Corps has maintained. While this won't necessarily be destroyed, it will be more difficult to sustain if increased enlistments result from changes in the Selective Service System.

A tremendous increase in "Volunteers" will likewise impose great administrative difficulties both in terms of training and the morale of the Volunteers. Most Peace Corps training has been contracted to Universities, generally during the summer months. While the Peace Corps has been expanding over the years, the rate of expansion has not over-taxed the services these Universities have been able to render.

Even assuming that the quality of training doesn't deteriorate, might not

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a prospective female Volunteer be put at a disadvantage before a Peace Corps selection board, if it means that a lesser qualified male prospect would have to enter the military, if "selected-out"?

Thomas J. Brown
Madison, Wisconsin

LSD and Stanford Students

Sirs:

Your May 14 issue includes the following statement by Dr. Leszek Ochota of the investigational drug branch, Food and Drug Administration:

> "A sampling of students at Stanford University showed that at least 40 percent have been taking hallucinogens."

In a telephone conversation last week, Dr. Ochota said he thought this statement was based on interviews by an FDA investigator with 10 students whom he encountered on the Stanford campus. Four said they were users, four non-users, and two did not reply. After nearly a week, Dr. Ochota has been unable to find any further elaboration or confirmation of this estimate.

As it happens, our Institute for the Study of Human Problems has recently completed a five-year study of student development at Stanford. This study involved a random sample of students and included a single question on LSD usage. The principal investigator in this study describes the FDA estimate as "outrageously wild."

The Institute currently is engaged in a national study of LSD usage by college students. To date, it knows of no responsible study in depth of this problem on any campus. . . .

Bob Beyers, Director
Stanford News Service

In reply . . .

I erred in my reference to Stanford University and the error was compounded if Mr. Beyers gained the impression that any sampling was conducted by the Food & Drug Administration. The FDA has conducted no surveys on the extent of LSD use, although such studies are being planned. My apologies to Stanford University.

Leszek Ochota

Cold Showers

Sirs:

John Gregory Dunne's "What the Housewife Sees" (March 26) has belatedly come to my attention. In discussing the Today show, Mr. Dunne describes me as an "intellectual cold shower" for the kaffeeklatsch crowd, "snorting cigarette smake like a dragon" as I go. Since I have not smoked on camera during my three years on The Today show, I suggest Mr. Dunne resort to a non-intellectual cold shower before undertaking his early morning television viewing – nothing like it to clear the brain of demoniacal delusions and strengthen one's position in the "aperçu" department. . . .

Judith Crist
New York, N. Y.

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ECONOMIC INEQUITIES has changed its personnel need, as described in May 28 and previous NR issues, to accommodate a Girl Friday attracted by the following new-type ad: Mountains 80 minutes from Washington, D. C. Assist author-editor construct funny ha-ha book on national economic policy. No typing. It says *no* typing. Applicant must be unemployed, unattached, and unassuming. No manager-types or small-talk artists. This is a fun job and a hard job. No security here: but much adventure. No clanging traffic or clock-ordered existence. *Summer*-only employment considered. $500 / month plus lodging, food, laundry. ($200/month extra if this make-believe girl can type 70 w.p.m.) Age 23-38. Write Economic Inequities, Linden, Virginia 22642. Job starts *at once*. A letter with no telephone number will be put in trash can. Don't dilly-dally. Tell your friends: but not your parents.

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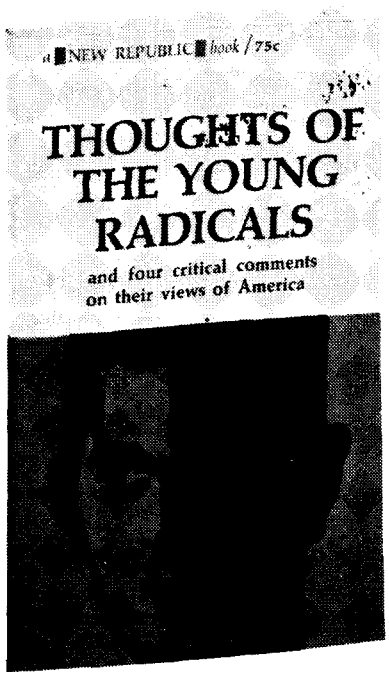

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